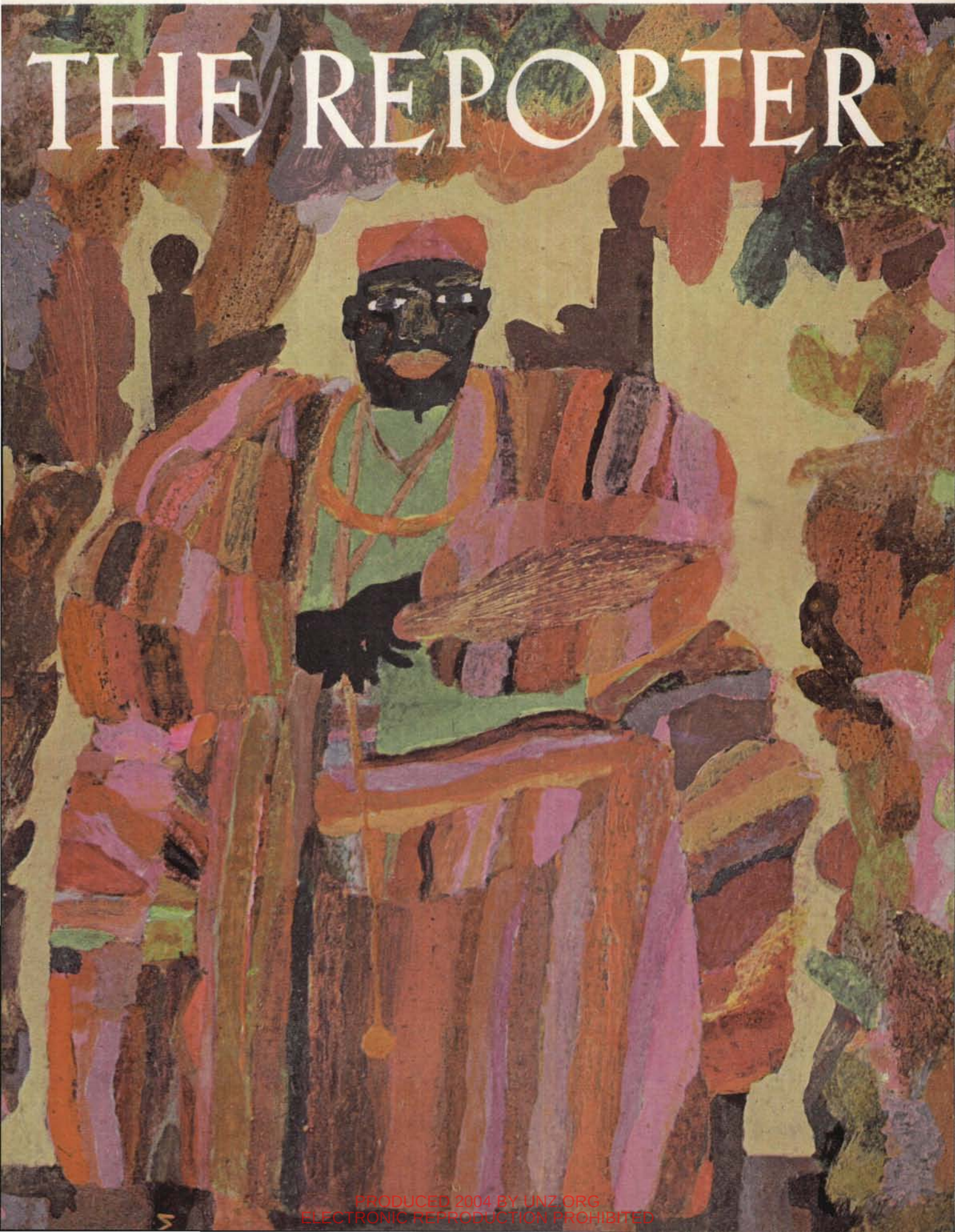
Birmingham Two Years Later

December 2, 1965 35¢

THE RHODESIAN REBELLION

# THE REPORTER



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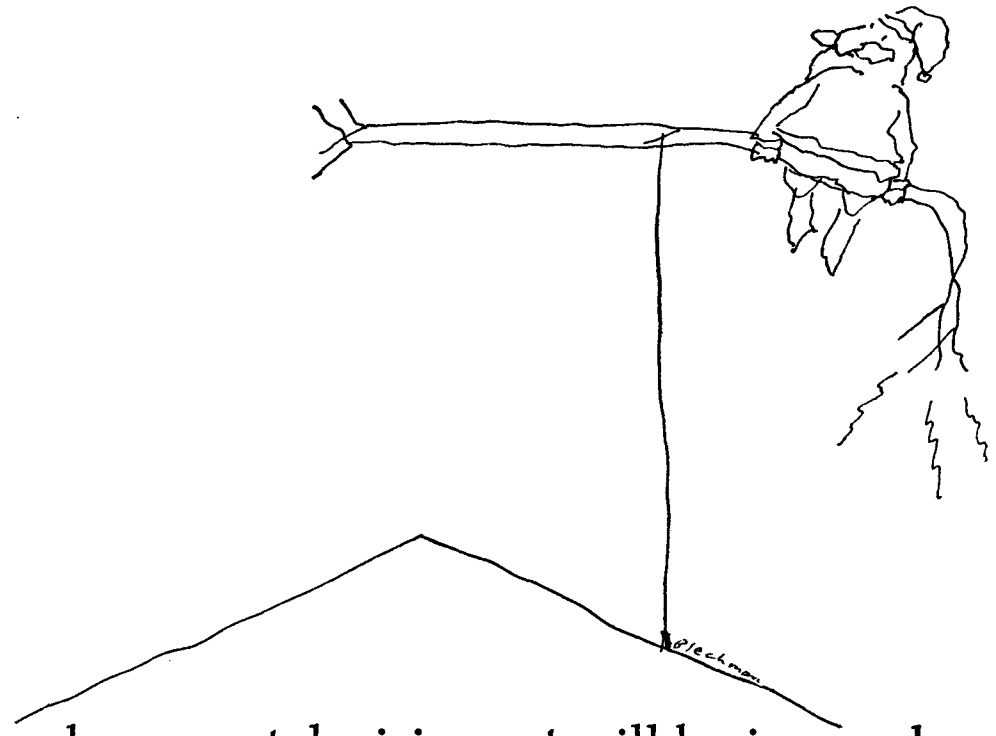


# This December your television set will be jammed with holiday cheer.

In the belief that television can help enrich your holidays, we list below some of the special programs that will be spreading warmth, joy, merriment and inspiration throughout the Christmas season.

**Discovery**
The Horseless Carriage; The Jets at JFK; The Lively Beat of Liverpool; The World of Charles Dickens.
Sundays, December 5, 12, 19, 26 (11:30 AM-12 Noon)

**Charlie Brown's Christmas**
Musical documentary, with "Peanuts" comic strip characters, tells the message of Christmas.
Thursday, December 9 (7:30-8 PM)

**Amahl and the Night Visitors**
Gian-Carlo Menotti's Christmas opera.
Sunday, December 12 (6:30-7:30 PM)

**In Search of Man**
Documentary examines the mystery and diversity of *homo sapiens*.
Monday, December 13 (10-11 PM)

**New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert**
Leonard Bernstein conducts.
Tuesday, December 14 (7:30-8:30 PM)

**I Never Saw Another Butterfly**
A special honoring Chanukah, the Jewish Festival of Lights.
Sunday, December 19 (12:30-1 PM)

**The Nutcracker**
Tschaikowsky's ballet with Edward Villella, Melissa Hayden, Patricia McBride.
Tuesday, December 21 (7:30-8:30 PM)

**Miss Goodall and the Wild Chimpanzees**
National Geographic Society report of five-year study by Jane Goodall, zoologist.
Wednesday, December 22 (7:30-8:30 PM)

**Michelangelo: The Last Giant**
First of two specials, with the voices of Peter Ustinov and Jose Ferrer.
Wednesday, December 22 (9-10 PM)

**Handel's "Messiah"**
Selections feature dramatizations by the congregation of the First Baptist Church of Dallas.
Friday, December 24 (11:15 PM-12:30 AM)

**"Tell It On the Mountain"**
Poetry and folk songs about the birth of Christ, with Chad Mitchell, Judy Collins.
Friday, December 24 (11:30-12 Midnight)

**Midnight Mass from St. Patrick's**
Live pick-up from the New York cathedral.
Saturday, December 25 (12 Midnight-1 AM)

**Blue and Gray Football Game**
The 28th annual game, from Montgomery, Alabama.
Saturday, December 25 (4 PM to conclusion)

**North-South Shrine Football Game**
Top graduating gridders compete in the Orange Bowl, Miami, Florida.
Saturday, December 25 (4:30-7:30 PM)

**New, Born Again!**
The Bible story told in Negro spirituals with choreography by Valerie Bettis.
Sunday, December 26 (1-2 PM)

**Projection '66**
Forecast of upcoming developments in the New Year based on current trends.
Sunday, December 26 (6:30-7:30 PM)

**Year End News Review**
Correspondents return from the world's news centers for briefing and forecast.
Sunday, December 26 (10:15-11 PM)

**East-West Shrine Football Game**
The 41st annual game from San Francisco.
Friday, December 31 (4:30 PM to conclusion)

**Regularly Scheduled Programs**

**Monday through Friday:**
Today/ Captain Kangaroo/ Sunrise Semester

**Tuesdays:**
CBS Reports

**Saturdays:**
Captain Kangaroo/ Sunrise Semester/ The First Look/ Exploring/ Wide World of Sports/ ABC Scope/ Sports in Action

**Sundays:**
Lamp Unto My Feet/ Look Up and Live/ Bullwinkle/ Camera Three/ Discovery/ Face the Nation/ Meet the Press/ Issues and Answers/ The Eternal Light/ Wild Kingdom/ College Bowl/ The Twentieth Century/ The Frank McGee Report/ Walt Disney

NOTE: Times (EST), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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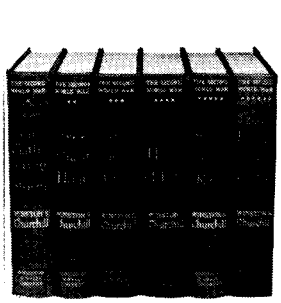

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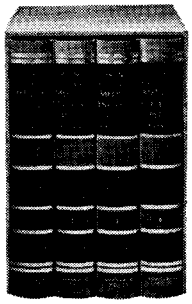

**469. THE NEW ILLUSTRATED MEDICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR HOME USE**
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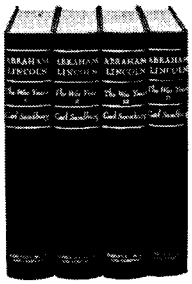

**281. ABRAHAM LINCOLN The War Years**
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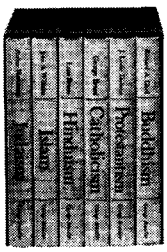

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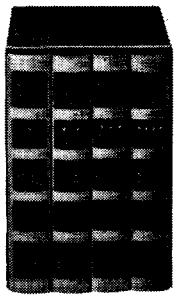

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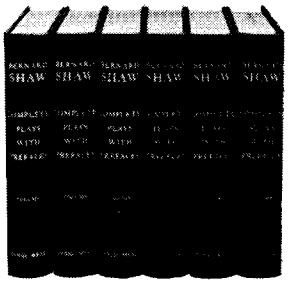

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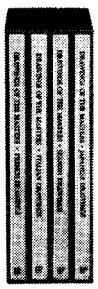

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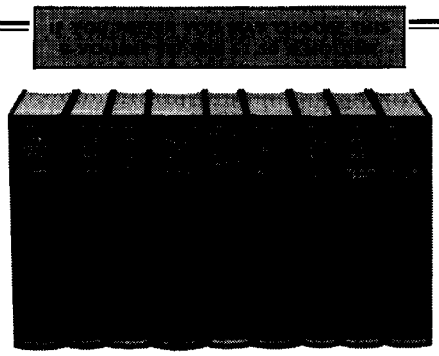

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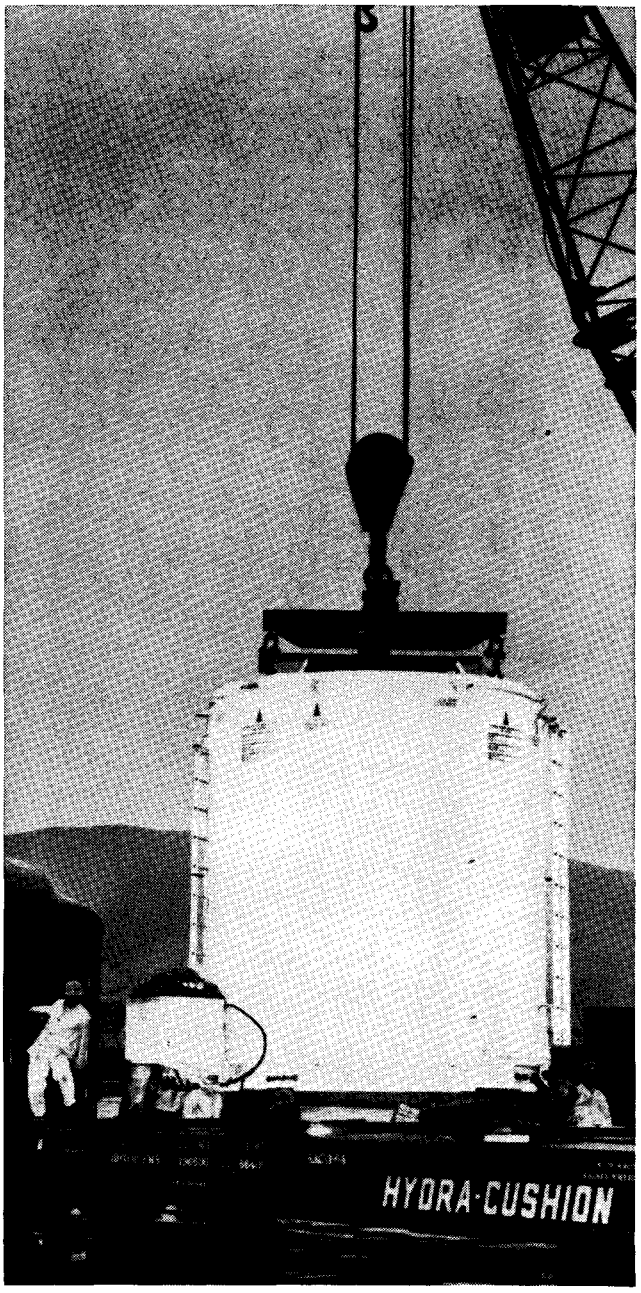
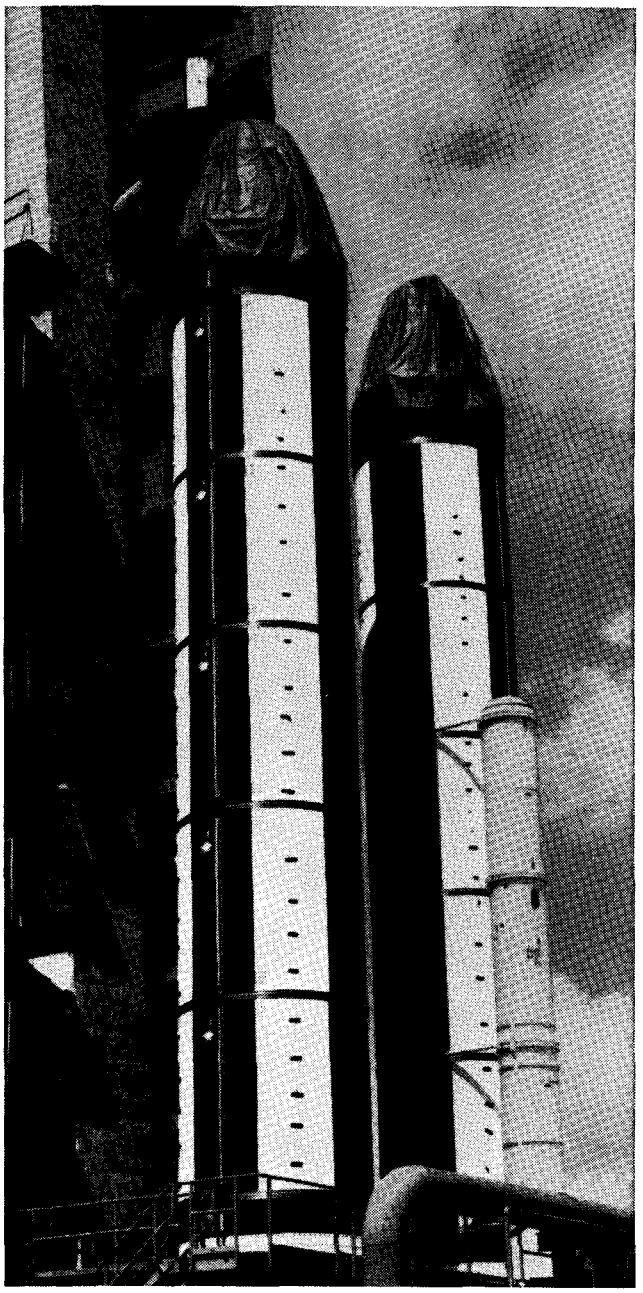



# ONE FOR THE MONEY

America's newest and most powerful flight-ready motor for space programs is a big penny-pincher. This single building-block solid propellant segment weighs 40 tons, yet it is easy to handle, safe to store, and economical to build. The five-segment 120" diameter boosters in USAF's Titan IIIC mean low-cost high reliability for a variety of missions from here on out.



# TWO FOR THE SHOW

The world watched as the core vehicle was mated with two of UTC's million-pound-thrust booster stage motors at launch pad 40 in Cape Kennedy's ITL (Integrate-Transfer-Launch) complex. The segments which made up the motors had been cast and cured at our Development Center in California and delivered to the pad on hydra-cushion flat cars. A unique joint developed within United Aircraft Corporation linked them solidly together.

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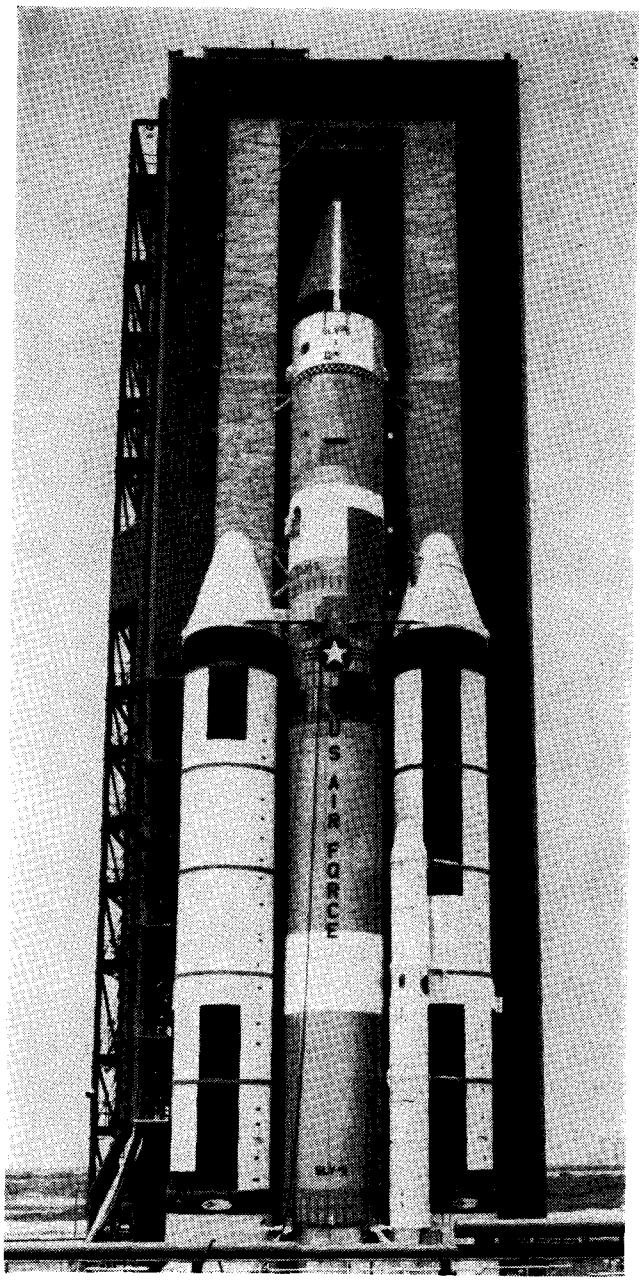
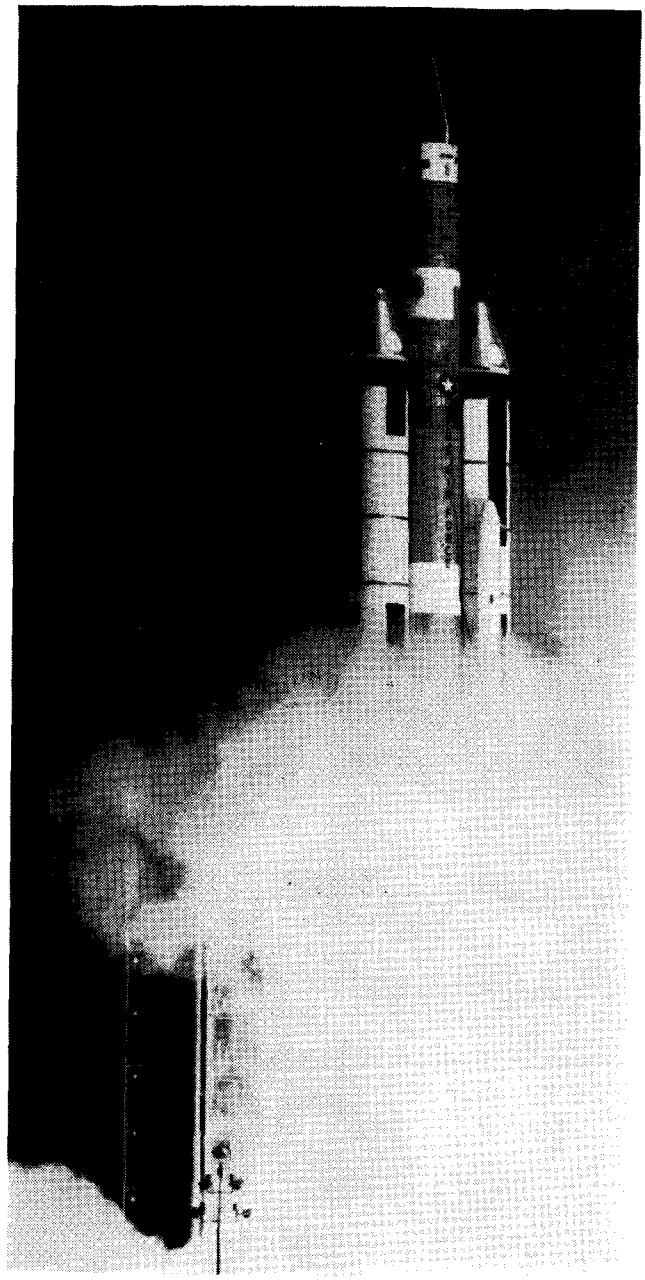



# THREE TO GET READY

Solid rocket motors are essentially simple, so checkout for the booster stage of Titan IIIC was virtually complete when thrust vector control plumbing was installed on the assembled boosters. Final checkout on the liquid-propelled core vehicle and all interface systems proceeded during countdown. At the moment of lift-off, the booster stage lent two-and-one-half million pounds of thrust to the enormous space launch vehicle. The head start this gives to the core vehicle is tremendous. It's like moving Cape Kennedy *straight up to orbital altitude.*



# ALL SYSTEMS GO!

A bare two minutes after ignition, the solid rocket boosters have burned up their 400 tons of propellant. At this point, the core vehicle can begin its mission.

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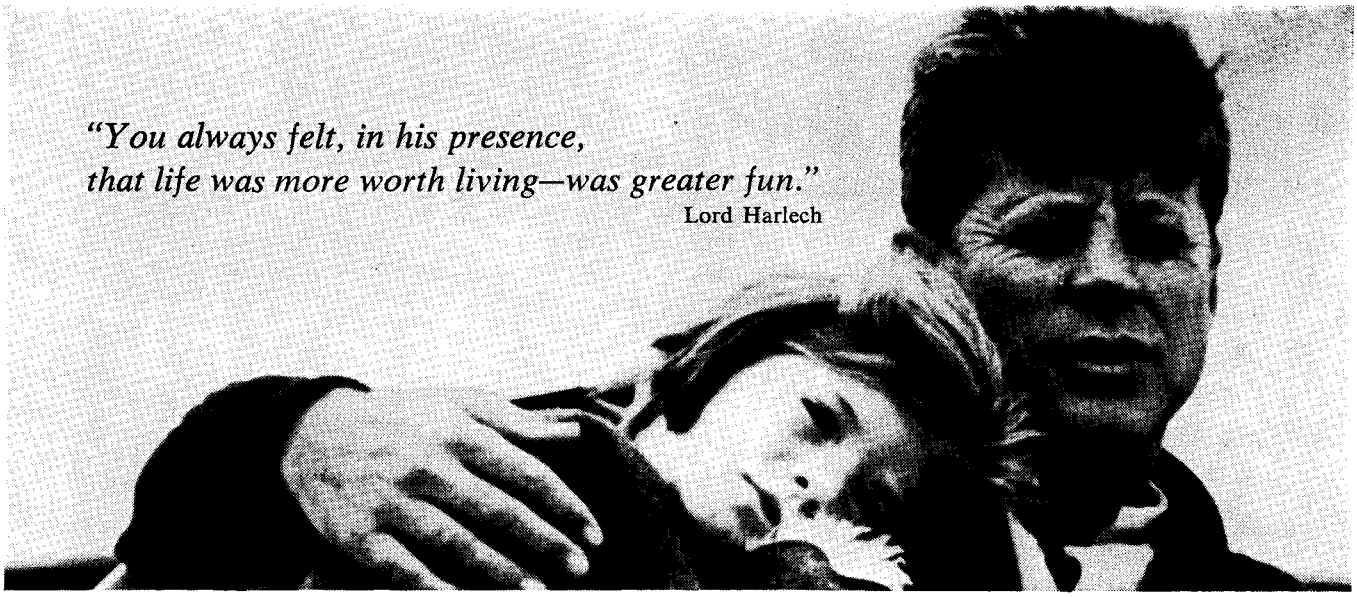

*"You always felt, in his presence,*
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Lord Harlech

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# WHO— WHAT— WHY—

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, likes to call itself the "Magic City." What's in a name? Well, there are many who felt that the lessons of the violent demonstrations in 1963 and the passage of Federal civil-rights legislation would have an almost magical effect on Southern cities like Birmingham. **Paul Good** went back to the Magic City two years after the riots and found it a place of illusions: quiet, but not calm; progress, but with goals still distant; men of good will, but with lackluster leaders. Through a series of vignettes, Good, a free-lance writer who has covered the South for several years, draws the picture of a city that may be moving slowly toward understanding—but is moving.

ALMOST two hundred years after 1776 another British colony has rebelled against the crown. There, any similarity between the American and Rhodesian rebellions ceases. The racists who support Prime Minister Ian Smith's Declaration of Independence have been outsmarted in their long duel with Britain's Labour government. They probably will not have to face any redcoats (or blue berets from the U.N.). Instead, they must withstand an economic boycott that Britain hopes will turn the Rhodesian business community against Smith and drive out his working-class backers. The background to the crisis is related by **George Ivan Smith,** visiting professor at Princeton University, until recently the U.N. Secretary General's personal representative in East and Central Africa. The options open to both sides in the economic struggle are discussed by **Russell Warren Howe,** formerly African Affairs Correspondent of the Washington *Post,* now at Columbia on a Ford Fellowship for Advanced International Reporting. . . . **Meg Greenfield** finds that even the new math is no match for the intricacies of New York State's multifarious reapportionment plans. . . . With the Ho Chi Minh trail being upgraded to a veritable hidden highway, Laos is again a matter for concern. While Laos is relatively quiet, **Denis Warner** reports that there is little reason for the complacency that seems to pervade diplomatic circles in Vientiane. The Pathet Lao is still in control of the areas through which supplies and reinforcements from North Vietnam reach the Vietcong. . . . **C. P. Kindleberger,** a professor of economics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, serves on a committee set up by President Johnson to study international monetary problems. His article on European economic nationalism is based on a lecture he gave on April 21, 1965, at Tufts University.

OUR SHORT STORY is excerpted from **Graham Greene's** next novel (his first since 1961), which Viking will publish in January. *The Comedians* is a modern tragicomedy set in Haiti, and we hope that this taste of it will make our readers eagerly await the book. . . . **Fernando Krahn's** comments usually have universal application. This time we crave indulgence for one that will be fully appreciated only by the thirty million people who live in those 80,000 square miles of the Northeastern U. S. and Canada where some small technical hitch seems to have occurred on the night of November 9. The light that failed is hereby commemorated. . . . **David A. McLean,** who is currently associate professor of anthropology at St. Andrews Presbyterian College in North Carolina, spent seventeen years in the hill country of the Congo as a missionary. In this remote territory, he was constantly in contact with customs and practices not yet under the impact of western culture. . . . Editor of *High Fidelity* and author of *The Fabulous Phonograph* (Appleton Meredith), **Roland Gelatt** resumes his series of music columns for *The Reporter.* . . . **Charles Edward Eaton,** our Thanksgiving poet, is a regular contributor. His collections include *Greenhouses in the Garden* (Twayne), *Write Me from Rio* (Blair), and *Countermoves* (Abelard-Schuman).

History has dealt somewhat slightingly with Herbert Henry Asquith. **Anthony West** reviews a new biography of the Edwardian Prime Minister, whose very successes contributed to his own obliteration. . . . **John William Ward** is a faculty member at Amherst. . . . **Herbert Robinson** is a New York attorney. . . . **Robert Bendiner,** a former member of our staff, is currently embarked on a book about the thirties.

Our African cover is by **Paul Monasevitch.**



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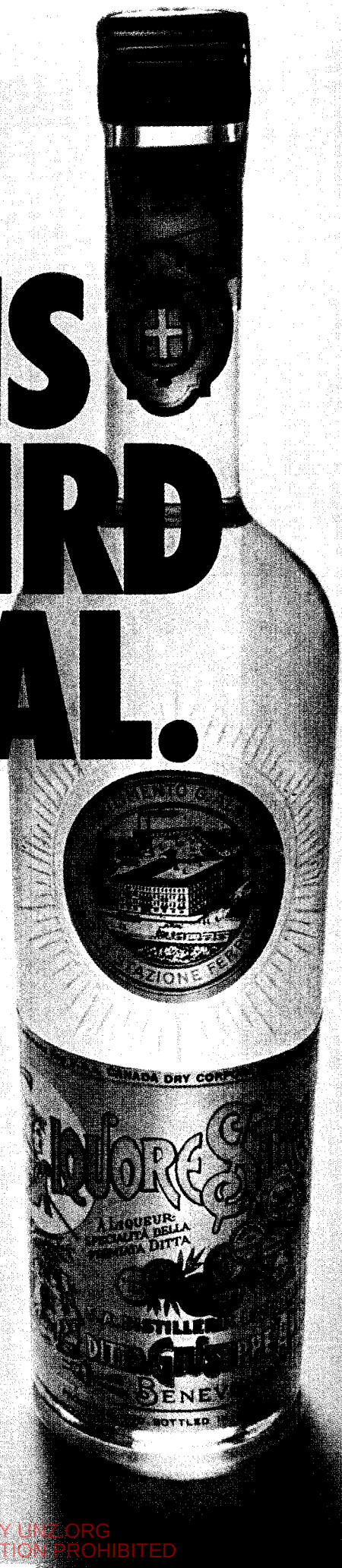


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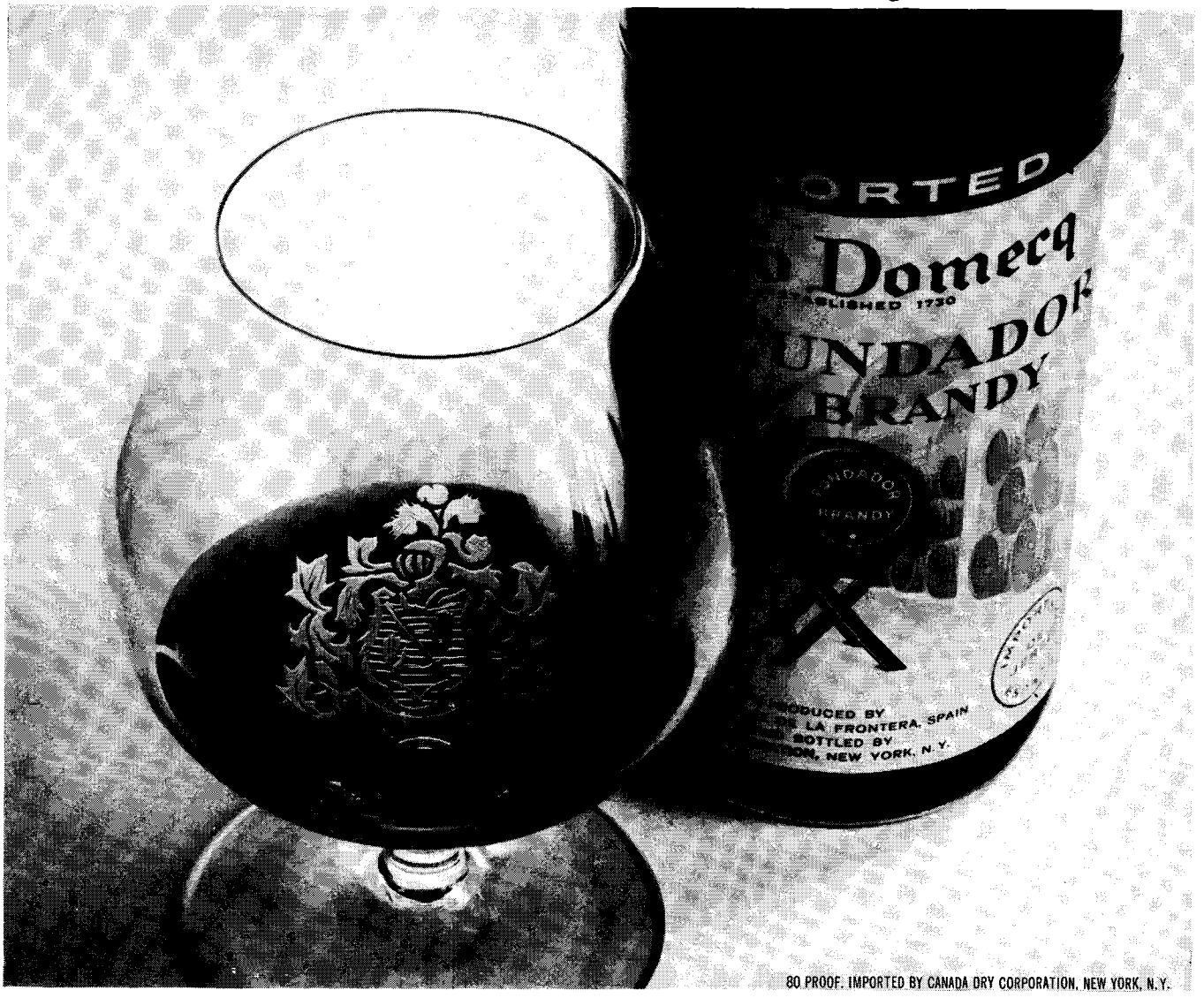


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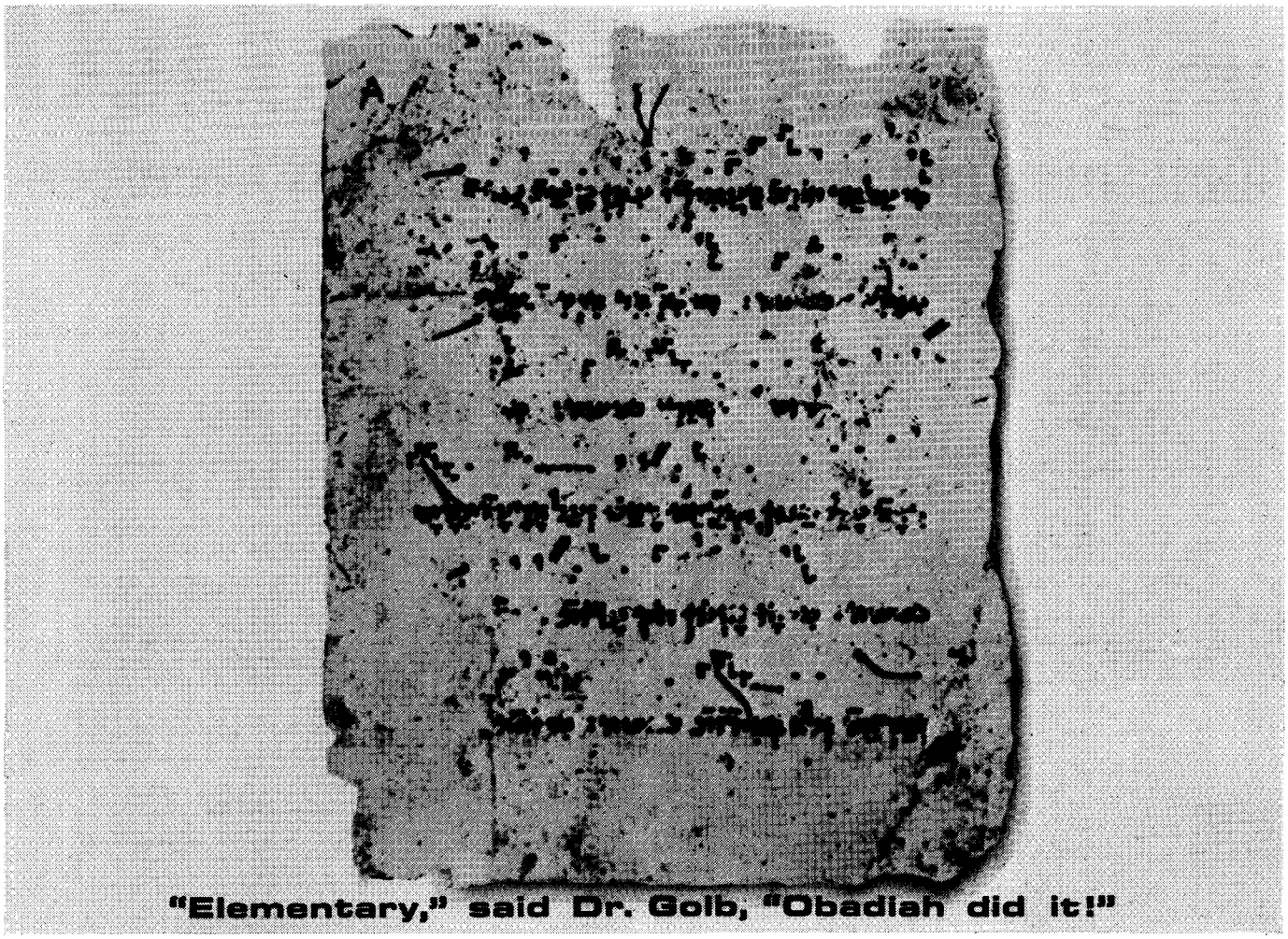

**"Elementary," said Dr. Golb, "Obadiah did it!"**

One day at the University of Chicago, Dr. Norman Golb, assistant professor of medieval Jewish studies, came across a picture of a rare poem. For almost fifty years it had been baffling scholars. They couldn't figure out whose hand had inscribed both eastern Hebrew characters and Western musical notation on a single page.

Dr. Golb, however, knew immediately. *The handwriting was identical* with that of another manuscript, one that concluded with the elaborate by-line: "Obadiah, the Norman Proselyte who entered the covenant of the God of Israel in the year [1102] has written [this prayer book] in his own hand." So, quicker than you can say Obadiah, Dr. Golb conclusively traced the 800-year-old musical notation to the Italian-born Christian convert to Judaism. Dr. Golb modestly says the discovery was "pure accident," but concedes that a certain amount of scholarship was necessary "to prepare for the accident." The University of Chicago Press helps make such "accidents" possible with books like these:

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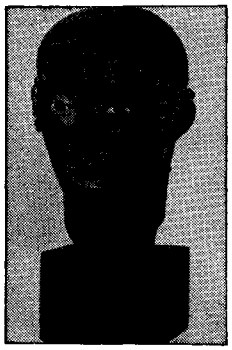

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## COMMENTS ON KASHMIR

**To the Editor:** I have read with interest the eminently readable "Tortured Kashmir" ("I. The Smoke and the Fire," by Edmond Taylor; "II. Background to Conflict," by Richard Critchfield; *The Reporter*, November 4). Mr. Critchfield, of course, is an old hand on South Asian affairs. His dispatches on Kashmir in the past have been in the best American tradition of foreign reporting: knowledgeable, generally accurate, and courageous. His article not only explains today's events and mood in Kashmir in the light of yesteryear's developments but also underlines the imperative necessity for a solution of the basic problem between India and Pakistan which has twice led to warfare in the subcontinent. His finding about the intensity of feeling in Kashmir against India "on purely political and economic grounds as well" is worthy of the attention of those who tend to regard the dispute in terms of narrow religious appeal only.

Mr. Taylor's article, also well written, shows how further reflection since his earlier dispatch ("Up Front in Kashmir," *The Reporter*, October 21) has brought him refreshingly closer to Mr. Critchfield's thesis. There is now greater skepticism of Indian statements on the Kashmir situation. This skepticism will be still greater perhaps when Mr. Taylor has had occasion to view the events from the other side of the now broken fence. Had it been possible for him to visit the Valley oftener than once and meet some of the scores of thousands of Kashmiris who have been pushed out of Indian-held territory during the last few weeks, he would, perhaps, have felt as strongly as [External Affairs Minister] Bhutto on the human tragedy that is being enacted in Kashmir under Indian rule.

G. AHMED
Ambassador of Pakistan
Washington

**To the Editor:** Allow me to congratulate you on the excellent "Tortured Kashmir." As a Kashmiri and also as the son of the Kashmir leader Sheikh Abdullah, I feel that the Messrs. Taylor and Critchfield have factually and correctly reported the Kashmir situation. I would only submit that Mr. Taylor's assertion that "Kashmir is not the nightmare land that Pakistani propaganda depicts" does not correspond with the facts of the situation in Kashmir. As I pointed out in the U.N. General Assembly on October 14: "The actions of the Indian military [in Kashmir] match the atrocities that the Nazis committed in occupied territories in the last war. This wholesale destruction and laying waste of villages in Kashmir and the shooting in cold blood of the inhabitants brings back memories of Lidice in Czechoslovakia which the Nazis destroyed and whose population was shot in 1942 for their alleged harboring of partisans."

Today Kashmir is a police state where the law of the jungle holds sway. While the state is nominally governed by G. M. Sadiq, a Muslim, in reality is it D. P. Dhar, a Hindu Brahman, who is India's proconsul and enjoys the absolute confidence of Indian leaders. Being a Muslim, Sadiq would always be suspect. Dhar has helped India perfect a Gestapo-style police machinery, and Stalinist terror has taken rebirth in Kashmir, where many homes hear the dreaded knock on the door at dead of night with the subsequent disappearance of the occupants. With the Kashmiri leaders, including Sheikh Abdullah, languishing in jail and their countrymen subjected to untold barbarities, India has sealed once and for all any chance of conciliation or co-operation in Kashmir.

TARIQ ABDULLAH
Pakistani Delegation
United Nations

## FOR THE RECORD

**To the Editor:** In my article on the Soviet attitude toward the United States during the recent Indian-Pakistani conflict ("The Cold Wind from Moscow: Détente Illusions Die Hard," *The Reporter*, October 21), I inadvertently deleted an important phrase in the next to last sentence, which should have read as follows:

"As it meets with one debacle after another in the international Communist movement, however—*and if, to be sure, the Vietnamese problem is resolved*—the Soviet Union may yet return to its policy of seeking a more meaningful but always limited détente with the West."

Deletion of the italicized passage gave the impression that I ascribe the deterioration of Soviet-American relations solely to the subjective decision of the Soviet leadership. However, earlier in the article I specified that ". . . the Soviet Union, as much as a result of its own calculations as of a net of circumstances from which it cannot easily escape, is unwilling to take the slightest step in this direction" (i.e., of improving relations with the West). The intensification of U.S. involvement in the Vietnamese war is, in my opinion, the chief *objective* circumstance which, in conjunction with the deliberate Soviet policy shift of October, 1964, militates against any meaningful American-Soviet collaboration in the foreseeable future.

ABRAHAM BRUMBERG
U.S. Information Agency
Washington

## TWO VIEWS OF CHICAGO

**To the Editor:** The article "Chicago: The Marchers and the Machine," by Kevin Buckley and Richard Cotton (*The Reporter*, November 4), is in my judgment an excellent statement of the situation. With the vacuum in leadership in respect of the school situation in Chicago, it remains to be seen whether it will be the civil-rights movement, ugly riots, the Federal government, or some combination of all of them that will fill the vacuum.

PHILIP M. HAUSER
Professor of Sociology
The University of Chicago

**To the Editor:** As a Chicagoan who has followed these matters for a long time, I must take issue with some of the biased views expressed by the Messrs. Buckley and Cotton.

To imply that thirty marchers a day is strong support for Albert Raby and his outfit [the Coordinating Council of Community Organizations] is absolutely ridiculous in a city of almost one million Negroes. Furthermore, Dr. King attracted sparse crowds when he visited largely Negro areas last summer and his greatest turnout occurred in the wealthy North Shore suburb of Winnetka.

The authors also ignore the fact that permissive transfers have been granted but only two per cent of those eligible took the option. An assistant superintendent for integration, Dr. Virginia Lewis, who is also a Negro, was recently appointed. It is also to be noted that school clusters exist but little advantage is taken of them. From what Superintendent Benjamin C. Willis has said, the bulk of the $30 million will go to Negro slum areas, and it should be pointed out that Dr. Willis lives close to a dilapidated area that has seen an influx of poor Southern whites.

It is unfortunate that *The Reporter* has been so one-sided on this issue.

DR. HAROLD N. BASS
Chicago

***The authors reply:***

Dr. Bass cites the permissive transfer plan, the assistant superintendent of integration, and the school cluster plan as apparent evidence of Dr. Willis's good intentions. If Dr. Bass "has followed these matters for a long time," he knows that Dr. Willis publicly opposed all three items and only instituted them after long and insistent pressure from the board of education. Dr. Bass notes that little advantage is taken of either the permissive transfer or the cluster plan. The way in which Willis instituted these plans was designed to minimize their effectiveness. In neither case did Willis or any school official attempt to explain the policies to the people or communities involved. In the case of the assistant superintendent in charge of integration, Willis refused to appoint one for a full seven months, finally named one of his staff members to the position, and today, after three and a half months have elapsed, still has not outlined the duties or functions of the office—although the board directed him to do so at its mid-August meeting.



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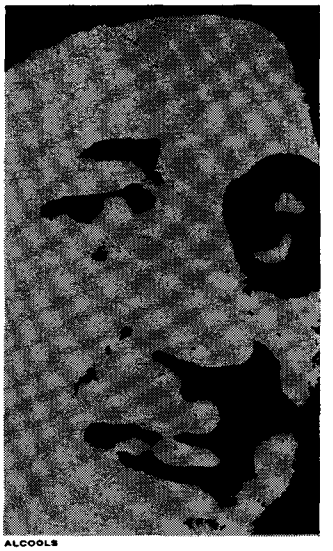

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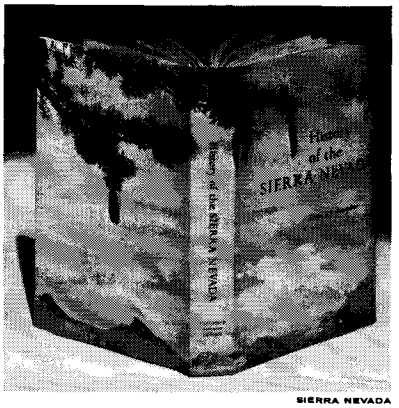

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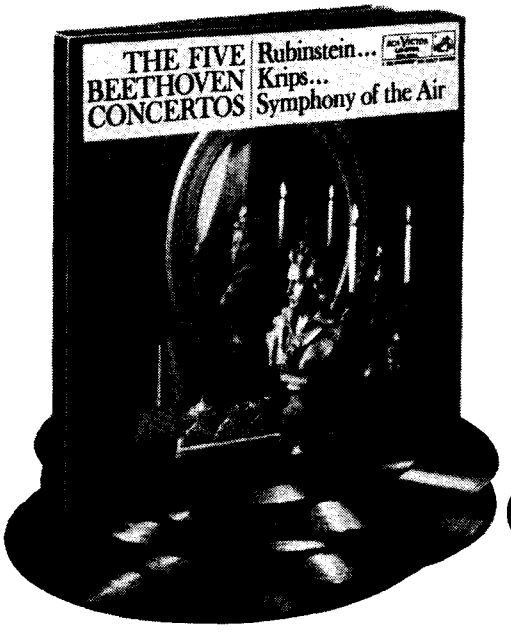


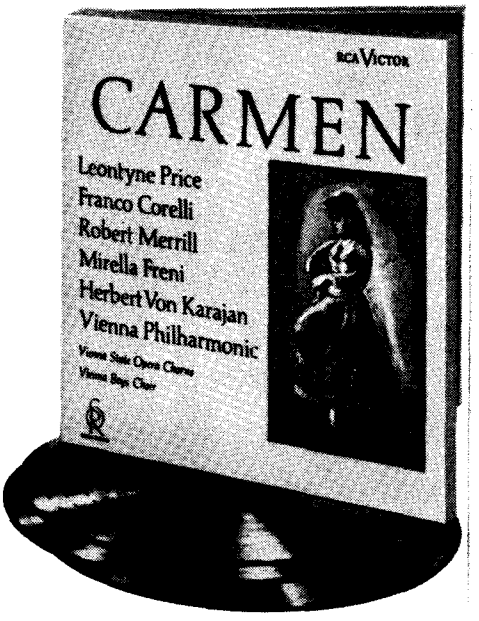


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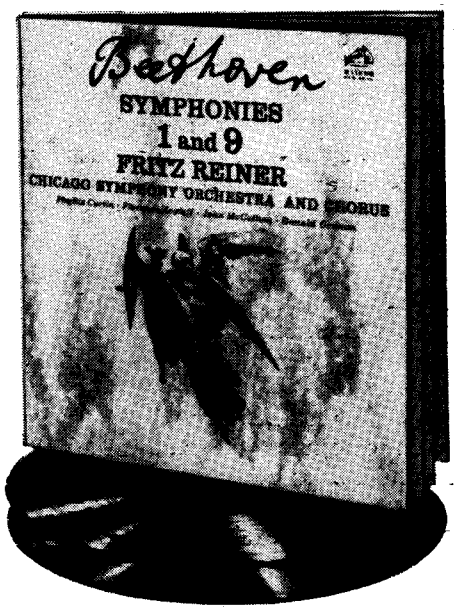


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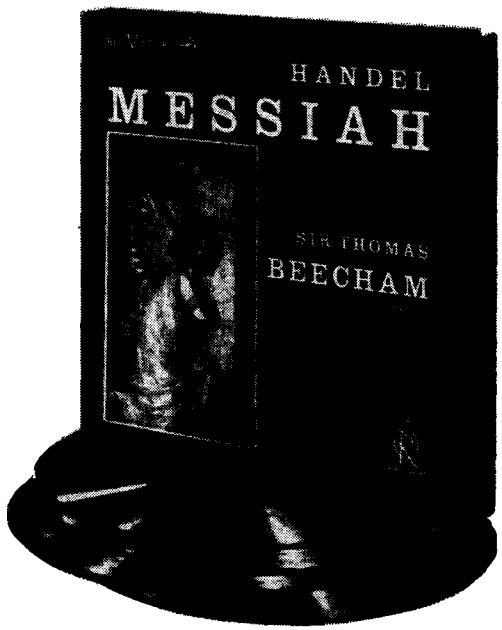


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# THE REPORTER'S NOTES

## Psychosemantics

In one important sense all Communists, especially the Soviets, are revisionists par excellence. In a totalitarian ideological system, every major change in policy requires a different interpretation of past as well as current events and hence entails a revision of history. For Soviet historians, the continuous rewriting of history is an Augean task which becomes messier by the minute. Take the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia,* now at fifty-five volumes. What the reader finds there depends radically on the date of issue of the individual volume. The Yugoslav coastal city of Zadar, for example, is described as an "Anglo-American imperialist military base" because the volume covering the letter "Z" was given to the printers in 1952 at the height of the Yugoslav-Soviet controversy. The volume covering the letter "T," however, was given to the printers in 1956 and eulogized Tito as the foremost Yugoslav leader and tireless fighter for the working class, etc.

But owners of the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia* are inured to the psychosemantic vagaries attendant upon the recurrent need to revise all along the party line. What early subscriber can forget the year he received through the mails a razor blade with instructions on how to cut out the offending two pages (including a full-page photograph) on Beria and affix in their place a contribution of equivalent length on the theretofore neglected subject of the Bering Strait?

Even so, the abrupt transformation of Beria into the Bering Strait was an internal Soviet affair amenable to handling and rehandling as subsequent leaders saw fit. It is not so easy with international events and is particularly difficult with the greatest international event of them all—the Second World War, which is officially referred to in the Soviet Union as the Great Patriotic War. For eighteen years Soviet writers systematically excluded any mention of the surrender of the Wehrmacht to the Allies at Reims: for the Soviets *the* surrender had to be made to *the* Soviet military representative in the capital of *the* aggressor nation conquered by *the* army. But the great revision that comprised de-Stalinization opened the Soviet Union to increased contact with the West and provided a broader basis for comparison. In this regard, the approaching twentieth anniversary of the end of the Second World War presented Soviet military historians with an exigency that had to be met somehow or other.

ACCORDINGLY, the six-volume *History of the Great Patriotic War of the Soviet Union,* prepared by the Soviet Academy of Sciences and published in 1963, not only mentions Reims but devotes four pages to the "protocol of surrender" (as distinct from the "General Act of Surrender" signed the next day in Berlin at Soviet insistence), characterizing the event as an abortive piece of perfidy on the part of the western Allies and implying that it was an attempt to conclude a separate peace so as to combine forces with the Germans, etc. etc. But the version contains one fatal flaw. It omits any mention of General Ivan Susloparov, the Soviet representative at SHAEF headquarters who signed the surrender document at Reims. The reason for the omission is obvious: if the Reims surrender was separate, perfidious, illegal, and unauthorized, then what was Susloparov doing there?

An answer to this question was finally provided in this year's July-August issue of the publication *History of the USSR,* in an article signed by Chief Marshal of Artillery N. N. Voronov. Susloparov's signature under the articles of surrender, writes Voronov, was a mistake. (A pretty big one!) Voronov adds that Susloparov "did it on his own initiative and without authorization." He recalls receiving a phone call from Stalin inquiring if Susloparov had ever distinguished himself. ("For what is he famous?") Voronov apparently answered that Susloparov had never distinguished himself much. "Then how dare he sign a document of such tremendous international importance?" asked Stalin. According to Voronov, Stalin then directed a number of "salty words" at Soviet artillery (Susloparov was a general of artillery) and ended the conversation by demanding that Susloparov be "severely punished."

Voronov says that he was deeply troubled by the whole business: "I did not know how or why Susloparov had turned up at Reims." This was a sizable gap in the essential elements of information, since Susloparov was the chief of the Soviet mission to SHAEF and in direct radio contact with Moscow.

In Soviet historiography, where the indistinct horizon between fact and fiction forever recedes regardless of the approach, the next revision ought to make a rattling good mystery story: how (and why) Susloparov ever got to France in the first place; how he blundered from Paris to Reims; how he was bamboozled into believing that he was the chief of the Soviet mission to SHAEF, and ultimately hornswoggled into signing the surrender. *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* is nothing compared to *The General Who Signed the Surrender by Mistake.*

## Happiness Is a Dark City

*"Well, goodness me! I can't see anythin' ter be glad about—gettin' a pair of crutches when you wanted a doll!"*

*Pollyanna clapped her hands.*

*"There is—there is," she crowed.*


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*"But I couldn't see it, either, Nancy, at first," she added with quick honesty. "Father had to tell it to me."*

*"Well, then, suppose you tell me," almost snapped Nancy.*

*"Goosey! Why, just be glad because you don't—need—'em!"*

—Eleanor Hodgman Porter, *Pollyanna*

One of the first things that our eyes focused on when power was restored to New York City was a full-page advertisement taken out in all six major dailies by Consolidated Edison—the utility company that holds a place in the affections of New Yorkers second only to that reserved for New Jersey drivers. Having absolved itself of blame well in advance of an investigation, Con Ed went on to spread a little cheer among those who fancied they had suffered. "The effect of this on almost all the people we serve was total darkness," the ad confessed. "But there were bright spots." It was at this point that we succumbed to an overpowering *madeleine*-type experience that took us back, of course, not to Marcel Proust but to Mrs. Porter and the "finding gladness" game as it was practiced by her redoubtable little heroine. "The harder 'tis, the more fun 'tis," as Pollyanna put it, but even she acknowledged that there were limits: "Only—only—sometimes it's almost too hard—like when your father goes to Heaven."

For Con Ed, on the contrary, there apparently were no limits. How did they manage to extract sources of joy from the event that caused several deaths and untold agony and inconvenience, that cost business and industry an estimated $100 million, that saw 800,000 persons trapped in the New York subway system? Well, first there was the voluntary exertion of the put-upon: "Citizens using flashlights calmly helped direct the flow of traffic." Then there was the revelation of widespread and hitherto unsuspected moral fiber: "Hundreds of thousands of commuters trapped in subways and on railroads kept their heads and their spirits . . . " And finally, there was our favorite fringe benefit: "Elevators in countless buildings stalled between floors, and perfect strangers became friends." Get it, Goosey?

## The Natchez Boycott

Natchez, Mississippi, has a population of twenty-three thousand people almost evenly divided between Negro and white. Yet for more than two months there have been as few Negro faces in downtown Natchez as in a Southern jury box. The Negro economic boycott of white stores being staged under the guidance of state NAACP Field Secretary Charles Evers is proving surprisingly successful. Most white employers, who at first were tempted to retaliate by mass firings of Negroes, have so far been deterred by practical considerations. Revenge might be sweet, but who would do the laundry?

Natchez is the home of E. L. McDaniel, a truck driver who is also Mississippi Grand Dragon of the United Klans of America. With some four hundred local klansmen, Natchez has possibly the highest per capita Klan population anywhere in the South. Until recently, a series of terrorist acts effectively discouraged all attempts to organize a civil-rights drive. Then, at noon on August 27, George Metcalfe, fifty-four, the first and only president of Natchez's new chapter of the NAACP, turned on the ignition of his 1955 Chevrolet parked outside the Armstrong Rubber Company, where he worked. The car blew up. Metcalfe lived, but his face and body are horribly scarred, the use of his right arm and leg is impaired, and he may lose the sight of his right eye.

Metcalfe was "disciplined" for his civil-rights activities, but the bombing backfired. Mass marches resulted in mass arrests, but the momentum grew. This fall, over four thousand Negroes have registered to vote. Negroes presented twelve demands to city officials, which included public denunciation of the Klan, the hiring of more Negroes on the police force and in downtown stores and city offices, the desegregation of public facilities, schools, and the hospital, the appointment of Negroes on the school board and housing commission, and the use of courtesy titles like "Miss" and "Mr." by city employees addressing Negroes. Then, in September, came the boycott.

It has been organized with an extraordinary thoroughness. Car pools have been formed to take Negroes to stores in outlying towns. Until recently, two-man patrols walked the streets of the downtown business section, informing potential Negro shoppers of the boycott and taking down the names of those who violated it. The names would then be read off at mass meetings. (Compliance is now so widespread that the patrols have been discontinued.) At the beginning of the school year, the boycott organizers brought in school supplies from elsewhere, leaving local stores with a disastrous overstock.

Several boycott demands have been at least partially met, but city officials have balked at denouncing the Klan or ordering employees to use courtesy titles. Mayor John Nosser is a well-meaning but vacillating man who has unsuccessfully tried to placate both sides, with the result that his house was bombed by the Klan and the three supermarkets and the variety store run by his family are boycotted by the Negroes. Natchez officials have been wise enough to avoid the open brutality of Selma and Charles Evers was wise enough to call off the street marches once they successfully focused attention on the problem. The struggle has settled into an odd stalemate, yet the situation could not be more tense. The boycott grows stronger by the day. Many businesses are off fifty per cent, employees are being laid off, and advertising has been cut. With Christmas approaching, some sort of showdown is certain. Somebody has to give, and at this moment it does not appear to be the Negroes. At their overflowing meetings, they have shown that they are ready and willing to risk their jobs. As one of them recently commented, "We ain't got nothin' now, so what can we lose?"

It is the white leaders who have to make a choice. About 175 merchants still want to get Chamber of Commerce backing for a campaign to fire Negroes. Evers is not dismayed: "I don't know who proposed that idea, but I'm sure glad he did," he said. "It would be the best Christmas present we could get."



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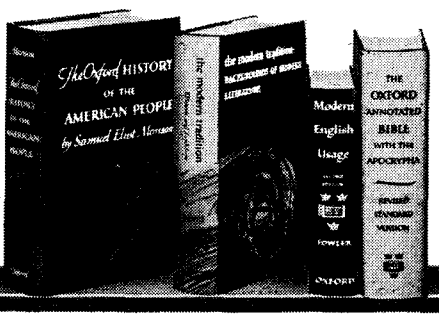
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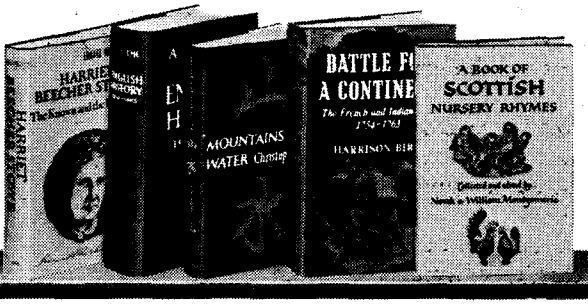


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# The Peace Table

"WHY ARE WE in Vietnam? Explain." "Our soldiers are dying there. Why don't we get out?" These questions are incessantly asked, particularly since the build-up of American forces started in earnest. The asking is done by frenzied youngsters, by people who ought to be thoughtful because of their professions as teachers and writers, and by eminent legislators in the administration's own party. The conflict between hawks and doves that allegedly raged in the high-level bull sessions during the second Cuban crisis is now being re-enacted on a mass scale on the campuses and squares of the nation, with the television networks ever ready to provide a nationwide audience.

On the scale of direct democracy, the debate is painfully inconclusive. The doves are the greatest noisemakers, each trying to outdove the other. But there is no way to prove that the hawks are in a minority, for it takes a quiet self-discipline and a heavy heart to accept the death of our soldiers.

Yet this thing must come to an end—and here there can be no disagreement. The whole point is to see what kind of an end there can be to this conflict, and how the settlement, whether it be called cease-fire or armistice, will affect all the other conflicts in which we are or can become engaged.

THE basic difference between the American way of conducting the business of foreign affairs and that of the Communists is that America has no profit motive, no design to conquer foreign lands and rule their people. American foreign policy is like that of a foundation—and let's be clear that this is not a dig at our excellent Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, for this trend was established well before President Kennedy appointed him to his present office. Communism is early capitalism at its rawest, with the power of unrestrained monopoly multiplied by sovereignty and totalitarianism.

We are now in Vietnam to do our nonprofit job, which, given its newness, is never a perfect one—not for a foundation, and not for our government. We have fallen into too many miscalculations and blunders in endeavoring to assist the people of that tragic land. But the way Communism has robotized men and women in the Vietminh and the Vietcong is so horrid that as long as there are people in South Vietnam who, no matter how distraught by suffering and intrigues, still don't want to give up, we cannot possibly tell them that, much to our regret, we are leaving.

It is also clear that this is exactly what we would be asked to do when and if the negotiations with Hanoi started. But the conference table to which it is said we must be ever ready to trot seems to have acquired a sort of magic quality in the eyes of many eminent citizens just at a time when the bargaining table for the settlement of major labor disputes has become a feature of symbolic decoration.

Recently, there has been an uproar about some alleged peace feelers put out by the Vietminh government via U Thant and turned down by President Johnson. The timing of these hints could scarcely have been less appropriate: shortly before and shortly after the Presidential election. Later, in February and May of this year, the North Vietnamese are reported to have repeated their suggestion but on such terms that French authorities, who are not noted for favoring our Vietnamese policy, said they could "not be regarded as a valid offer of negotiation."

The President has been accused of lack of candor for not having disclosed the enemy terms for negotiation, which, according to the French, were unnegotiable. To the first two offers of a get-together, U Thant contributed a touching element. He proposed Rangoon as the meeting place—the capital of a country under a nondescript socialist military dictatorship, with nine fighting rebel forces, no independent trade unions, no political parties except the government's, and most of the leading politicians, including U Nu, U Thant's spiritual mentor, living under arrest. It would have been an ideal setting for showing the difference between East and West.

ALL vagaries aside, it is not by conjuring negotiations in Rangoon or anywhere else that the Vietnam tragedy can be brought to a turning point beyond which life may become somewhat more bearable for the people of that country. Rather, our government should go to the heart of the matter and publicly announce its terms of negotiation with China. From there the discussions can proceed on all levels. It is evident that China will one day—and soon—be admitted to the United Nations. Should it stick to what there is every reason to believe is its program, that would be the end of the United Nations—and of much more.

Our country cannot possibly be dragged by a majority or by a two-thirds vote to sanction the colonization of twelve million Taiwanese and leave the Pacific to the mercy of China. We can offer China a choice between unselfish assistance or punishment if our good will is not recognized. We do not pretend that every great power should act like a foundation, but we cannot tolerate the most brutal forms of colonialism and of exploitation of man's labor.

This, we submit, rather than "Let's get out of Vietnam," could be a worthy subject for our teach-ins.



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# Birmingham Two Years Later

**PAUL GOOD**

More than two years after the mass arrests, beatings, and bombings of 1963, Birmingham today reveals some disquieting truths about the effect of the civil-rights movement in the urban South. Birmingham is quiet. So are Jackson, Atlanta, Montgomery, and New Orleans.

After an outbreak of rioting, there is a national tendency—perhaps even a need—to equate quiet with racial progress. If Negroes are not out in the streets, then all must be going well. But things can be going better than bad without going well enough to allay the danger of violence or to assure the prospect of meaningful black and white advance. Such is the case in this Alabama metropolis that calls itself the "Magic City" and on the surface presents the illusion of dramatic racial progress.

Negroes and whites queue up together for busses without incident, professional football teams play interracial games before integrated audiences, and both the NAACP and Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) recently held conventions here without causing a ripple. If a visitor looks hard enough downtown, he will find a few dozen Negroes working in stores as clerks and in offices as secretaries. If he looks even harder, he can discern two or three working in banks, though not serving the public. And in the city's schools, there is a thin sprinkling of dark among the white faces—about sixty integrated Negroes in a school system of 70,274 students. No matter how diligently the visitor searches, however, he will not find one Negro policeman or fireman, although forty per cent of the population of 340,000 is colored. He will not find a Negro judge, board of education member, city attorney, or councilman. He will be confronted by abysmal Negro poverty in certain areas but will not see any program actively combating it.

The Negro aspirations that led to the 1963 demonstrations are still far from being realized. The demonstrations ended on the city's agreement to meet many Negro demands and some progress has in fact been made. Over the last two years most public facilities have been integrated. There has been an almost surreptitious effort on a minute scale to hire Negroes in jobs previously reserved for whites. A biracial Community Affairs Committee was formed, but it promptly went into a trance from which it never emerged. On top—or putting it another way, at the bottom—of all the unredeemed expectations of the 1963 demonstrations is the apathetic state of the civil-rights movement here. The cumulative effect of movements such as those in Albany, Georgia, St. Augustine, Florida, and Selma and Birmingham in Alabama has been to produce the national awareness of the Southern racial problem that spurred passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965. But too often, the Negro communities in these cities have failed to translate these legislative achievements to their own benefit.

What Birmingham is like today depends on whom you talk to. Mayor Albert Boutwell, who won a disputed election just before the 1963 protests began, says, "Birmingham is peaceful and progressive because of the excellent judgment of



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our better citizens of both races in their determination to assume the responsibility of leadership and to work toward understanding individually and collectively." "Mayor Boutwell," a prominent white woman resident retorted, "is a boiled mouse. He provides no leadership. The reason nothing violent is happening here is the swarms of FBI agents hovering around. It's a kind of stalemate; nothing is really moving; only a few jobs have opened up for Negroes here and there. The city is like a pie slowly baking and bubbling, and no one knows when it's going to pop through the crust."

The Reverend Charles Billups is a member of the Alabama Christian Movement, an SCLC affiliate that carried through the 1963 demonstrations. He has been beaten with chains by Klansmen and arrested thirty-seven times for his civil-rights activities. He certainly is no Uncle Tom. "Have Negroes become *people* in Birmingham?" he mused, repeating a reporter's question. "Regrettably, no. But I still think that to live in Birmingham is to be blessed. There is the beginning of a breakthrough. They call it the Magic City, yet something has kept it from living up to its name. Still, a Negro who left here to go North five years ago will be coming back someday. Someday it will be a magic city."

"This town is pathetic," a twenty-one-year-old Negro cook told me, chalking his cue in a pool hall. Many of his friends have no jobs at all or are employed part-time in gas stations and at similar unskilled jobs. "Negro leadership ain't doing anything. The demonstrations were called off too soon in 1963. I know no matter what happened to me, I'd be ready to go into the streets again. I also know if somebody offered me a chance to get educated, I'd start tonight."

### The Missing Key

Two years after the demonstrations, the Negro is as far removed as ever from the seat of power. Despite recent registration gains, only about thirty per cent of Negro eligibles are registered in Birmingham, and the Negro vote, while an important factor, has yet to assume the dimension and cohesion to make it a decisive force. At City Hall, some reasons for the lack of significant racial progress in Birmingham start coming into focus. Mayor Boutwell long ago ordered all the "White" and "Colored" signs removed from washroom doors there. But today the doors are locked, and any citizen who wants to use the facilities must ask around for a key. While this may dissuade the more timid colored citizens, it is better than at the public library. There, they locked the door and threw away the key.

The mayor sits, informal in a sport jacket and puffing a cigar, behind a desk cluttered with papers. He took over on May 23, 1963, after a forty-five-day legal struggle that

in effect left Birmingham without a mayor while demonstrations rocked the city and Public Safety Commissioner Eugene "Bull" Connor's heavy-handed methods made international headlines. Only last April, an exploded bomb was found on the mayor's doorstep the same night another exploded at the home of a well-known Negro. Boutwell has been on the hot seat for a long while, and he is wary. The mayor tends to refer questions to his executive secretary, Bill Hamilton, who in turn will not be quoted because his job doesn't come under civil service. All this seemed to make an attenuated sort of sense when it was explained to me in the mayor's office, but it resulted in a set of sketchy notes with nobody on the record responsible for attribution.

The mayor is proud that for two years the city has been generally free from racial incidents, particularly in the area of public accommodations. Even before that section of the Civil Rights Act took effect, the city was assiduously preparing for it by calling conferences with motel and restaurant owners on their responsibilities under the law. Birmingham's civic reputation got a big boost from compliance, although as a practical matter few Negroes enter white places. There are complicated reasons for this, including economics, fear of embarrassment or physical intimidation, and the iron grip of custom.

MAYOR BOUTWELL also takes a proprietary pride in figures showing unemployment down from seven per cent in 1963 to just under four per cent today. While the improved climate of moderation may have something to do with this, the upsurge in the steel industry is more pertinent. U.S. Steel's plant in Birmingham is the industrial Goliath of the South, employing sixteen thousand persons, and there are dozens of other plants in Birmingham making steel or allied in its production. The steel industry as a whole emerged from the doldrums late in 1964, providing full employment in Birmingham. U.S. Steel's payroll alone amounts to more than $100 million annually.

"We have a strong, excellent civil-service system," says Mayor Boutwell. "I said when I became mayor I would not discriminate but neither would I favor weakening laws to make openings." Here is where the most potentially dangerous of the city's problems lies. Negroes have only been permitted to take civil-service exams in recent years. The Civil Service Board is appointed by a county Citizens Advisory Commission, which is an all-white self-perpetuating body composed of judges and leaders from groups varying from the PTA to the American Legion. No Negroes hold competitive civil-service jobs, although there are many trained secretaries who are qualified to work in City Hall. But it is the lack of Negro policemen on a force with twenty-one present



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vacancies that each day burns deeper in the colored community.

Emro Jackson, the editor of the Negro Birmingham *World,* has said that "The relationship of police to the public is the best test of race relations you can find in a city." After the NAACP convention in September, he wrote: "Social currents have not swept enough substantial change in Alabama for anyone to feel joyful. One should not be misled by any claims that the NAACP Human Rights Dinner represented anything but a coincidental vehicle for the status-minded to feast in a make-believe situation of social importance, it seems to me. As long as Birmingham is without Negro police officers, a Human Rights Dinner will tend to leave a tarnished view of better human relations in Birmingham. Police relations and human relations complement each other."

### Unwanted Largesse

Police Chief Davey Moore has a good reputation among moderate whites but not among Negroes, who remember he came up under the tutelage of Bull Connor in the police-dog era. (Nothing is simple in the South, and it should be noted that Connor favored the hiring of Negro policemen.) Negroes also criticize Moore for not ridding the force of racist cops who manhandled Negroes in the past and allegedly still do so, though complaints are much less frequent.

Mobile and Huntsville have Negro policemen, and in 1964 a hundred leading white Birmingham citizens signed an ad favoring the practice. Since then, an undetermined number of Negroes have taken police tests but only three even passed. Two withdrew their applications and one was rejected because of a civil-rights arrest. The Negro community is highly suspicious of the test procedures, and Mayor Boutwell agreed under pressure to have three officials from Negro colleges and three from white schools, including the University of Alabama, investigate the testing. The Civil Service Board first agreed, then insisted on hiring an outside investigative firm. The results are being awaited. As one City Hall official acknowledged, "I know we have the strictest civil-service requirements in the country. Yet I do think something is wrong."

Negro doubts are not allayed by City Hall plans for an auxiliary-police program under the Federal Law Enforcement Assistance Act of 1965. Negroes supposedly would volunteer for unpaid, uninsured, uniformed police duty—outside civil service—in Negro neighborhoods. "Then when the board sees Negroes in uniform doing a good job," a source close to the mayor told me, "maybe they'd be willing to put them on the lists." Negroes react to this idea by asking why, if the civil-service lists are fair, the board should have to get used to anything. Nevertheless, Boutwell is enthusiastic about the plan, envisioning it as a kind of largesse from the city to Negroes who can't pass the exams.

THE MAYOR is also sanguine about the way the Birmingham Negro leadership is coming along. "If they [the mayor's term for the Negroes] want to demonstrate, we just say: 'Get your walking shoes on, but don't step on anybody else's toes.' We don't give them anything to argue about. And we have helped them to establish a core of leadership in the Negro community." However, not a single Negro "leader" he cites has any following in the Negro community. The Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth, who was a firebrand in the 1963 demonstrations, left the city more than a year ago to take a pulpit in Cincinnati. He refused, however, to relinquish control of the Alabama Christian Movement. Some persons in that movement now denounce him as a tyrant grimly holding onto power. The practical effect of his absentee stewardship has been to deny the black population the kind of dynamic day-to-day leadership needed to achieve and consolidate civil-rights advances. The problem is made worse as Dr. King's SCLC borrows men who could become leaders and sends them North to help in campaigns like the one just getting under way in Chicago. This has happened before in the South. It is a question of tactics on Dr. King's part. He considers certain cities expendable after their role as catalysts has expired. He is not indifferent to their continuing plight, but neither he nor SCLC seem to be geared to long-range programming.

Secondary leadership has not developed in most areas, and certainly not in Birmingham. Its development is crucial if the new opportunities for meaningful Negro advance are to be exploited and the South is to do more than drift into an institutionalized set of race relations that are merely better than those which existed before the Supreme Court decision of 1954. There are some standouts. Negro attorney Orzeil Billingsley and white attorney Charles Morgan, who was hounded out of Birmingham two years ago, are now making critical legal challenges of Alabama's discriminatory jury system that could bring important long-range results. Tommy Wrenn, who runs the Federally subsidized Vision program helping Negro high-school students to enter college, is more interested in short-range goals. Wrenn calls Birmingham integration "not even good tokenism." He would like to see the Negro community unified and inspired to action. Birmingham Negroes in general, however, are conservative. Those few who have achieved some stature in civil-rights councils jealously guard their prerogatives, making unity difficult. Looming over all is the phenomenon of A. G. Gaston.

### Up from Wage Slavery

Gaston, seventy-three, is a self-made Negro millionaire as much at ease in the Birmingham City Hall, where he is "sirred," as in the White House, where he is welcomed as a member of the President's Club of $1,000-a-year contributors to the Democratic Party. City Hall describes Gaston as a spokesman and leader of the Negro community; a civil-rights worker says: "Gaston couldn't lead two Negroes across the street or speak for them if they were mute." Gaston inclines toward the latter view.

"The colored people here don't have any voice," he told me. "There's plenty of poverty, plenty of suffering. They need someone to strike the match. Who the hell have they got to speak for them? Me? Listen, I don't have to answer to anyone. I came up the hard way. But I'm a property owner. It's good to get rid of the rats, but I don't want to burn down my house doing it."

The hyperbole is almost literal. His house and motel—a haven for


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civil-rights forces—were bombed in 1963. Today, he runs various enterprises, including a modern business school for Negroes. Hanging in the executive suite is an enlargment of an old photograph showing an elderly Negro driving a mule cart and a barefoot boy standing beside him. The boy is Gaston, the man his grandfather. On another wall is a photo of President Johnson with his signature and best wishes engraved on a copper plate.

Gaston has only an eighth-grade education but numerous honorary degrees. As a youth he worked in the local steel mills for $3.10 a day before starting in the funeral business and gradually making his fortune with the motel and business school. Today he says nothing of his travails and humiliations, but he boasts of paying $50,000 a year in taxes.

"It's not a question of right or wrong when it comes to City Hall and the Negroes," he told me. "It's a question of political expediency. That's why I'd like to prod the Negro community to participate in the government. It's been so involved in demonstrations and preoccupied with protesting that only about a third of the eligible Negroes here are registered. That's why I'm not in sympathy with demonstrations. But I can't afford to oppose them.

"Another thing, there's not much of a talent reservoir to take jobs downtown even if they were offered, because our business-school graduates go North. Now what I *did* do was to hold special classes for men taking the police examination. We trained them to a point they could almost have passed a bar examination, and they still didn't make it. The city is sitting on a powder keg on this issue and there might be a resumption of demonstrations if someone sparks it."

Gaston speaks with the frankness of a man rich enough not to be beholden to anybody. He insists that the police opposition to Negroes on the force is based on financial rather than racial considerations. To a man, Negroes agree with him in citing widespread bootlegging, prostitution, dope, and gambling in Negro sections, all under white protection, demoralizing some Negroes and embittering others. A few months ago, the city borrowed two Negro officers from Huntsville. Wearing civilian clothes, they went into colored dives and quickly made fourteen arrests that white men could not have made. But even after this experiment, City Hall went on pushing its auxiliary-police program.

### Coasting on Hope

Birmingham's inner city is increasingly filled with unskilled poor whites and Negroes as the white middle class goes "over the mountain" to suburbs ringing the city. There still is no poverty program

for the swelling ranks of the impoverished. Last winter, a young white attorney named Erskine Smith, along with some political friends, convinced Mayor Boutwell and the city council that Birmingham should apply for aid to the Office of Economic Opportunity in Washington. A twenty-man interracial committee was set up. Officials in surrounding Jefferson County, which included some racist hotbeds, would not participate. This racially motivated refusal to participate in Federal poverty programs is a widespread Southern tragedy for blacks and whites alike.

Even though City Hall did nothing to push its activities, the committee proceeded to hold an interracial workshop in February that attracted six hundred participants from all over Alabama. "By this time," according to Smith, "Governor George Wallace had discovered there was real money and political muscle in the program. His poverty-program director, Claude Kirk, boycotted the meeting and a rival group was soon set up in the county. It quickly fell apart, but the damage was done. We were controversial."

Boutwell asked Smith to resign because of the controversy. While his resignation was in abeyance, Washington approved the committee's application for a $75,000 study grant. Wallace promptly vetoed the plan. Eventually a city-county committee was established, but the application languished in Washington, partly because Birmingham city officials did not give it full commitment, and partly because the OEO people were resentful of the Wallace veto and were determined to take a hard look at any proposals coming out of Birmingham. There are indications that action may soon be forthcoming, many months after most major American cities have put programs into operation.

With all these sources of discontent, how has Birmingham escaped a Watts or Harlem-type explosion? "A lot of people expected it this summer," Erskine Smith told me. "It may be geography more than anything else. You don't have big slums here with two or three hundred thousand people stacked up. You have ten scattered ones with ten thousand in each. I think the poor in the South, white or black, don't feel as frustrated as they do in the North. Family relationships and friendships generally are more stable, and people pitch in together. In Birmingham there's often some relative working in the mills draw-



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ing good pay." Southern Negroes may be as frustrated as those in the North, but their frustration has not been sharpened to the same razor edge of bitterness. There is a difference in character, too, that is tempered by custom. While the Southern Negro may hate the racist white man, he knows the average white man much better than the Negro New Yorker knows his white brethren. This intimacy is a check to overt action. But it still could come in Birmingham, possibly set off by something like a white cop roughing up a Negro, or another bombing, or the re-entry of a leader like Fred Shuttlesworth, bent on getting something accomplished in a city coasting on hope.

Smith believes that while some leading whites want to maintain the old order at any cost, others sincerely work for change. The latter were to be found on the Senior Citizens Advisory Committee that tried to end the 1963 violence and on the Community Affairs Committee later appointed by the city council that never became effective. Now that there is talk of reviving the committee, most Negroes dismiss it as just a device to gloss over the city's ugly racial picture.

### An Elastic Equality

I have seen a confidential document in City Hall that says, "If the history of Birmingham proves nothing else, it is that what its white power structure wants, with a full commitment, it gets." A pillar of this structure is U.S. Steel. As long ago as April 6, 1962, the company and the United Steelworkers wrote into their contract: "It is the continuing policy of the company and the union that the provisions of this agreement shall be applied to all employees without regard to race, color, religion, creed, or national origin." Until two years ago, there were separate promotion lines for white and Negro plant workers that barred colored employees from the good jobs. These lines have now been merged, but Negroes who were locked into menial jobs for decades have no seniority rights to the newly opened better jobs. About 1,200 persons hold office jobs at U.S. Steel, but a very few are Negroes.

By last spring, sixty per cent of "White" and "Colored" washroom signs in the mills had been removed by painting over them. Why only sixty per cent? "We have a plant painting program," explained C. Thomas Spivey, director of personnel services. "When we get ready, we paint out "White Only" signs. But we're not going to change the timetable of our program."

Howard Strevel is director of District 36 of the United Steelworkers, covering Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, and Louisiana. A quarter of his Birmingham membership is Negro. "Whether it be right or wrong," Strevel told me, "the Negro today is asserting his rights. I'm not a great crusader. But by and large, Negroes feel we are doing something for them. We've worked pretty consistently with management to put our house in order. But sometimes I think labor can get too involved in these things." Strevel said he doesn't think that any complaints have been filed by Negroes charging discrimination under the job-title section of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Commenting on the merged promotion lines, he conceded that Negroes would like seniority made retroactive, but "You can't undo a hundred years of inequality in a day." He has one Negro on his nine-man staff, but he does not know whether washroom segregation persists or whether there are any Negroes in previously white supervisory jobs. However, he does believe that equal job opportunities now exist. "If not," he declared, "I'm going to raise Cain."

No Negroes ran in the Birmingham City Council elections this October. Councilmen are elected city-wide, not from districts. Negroes, constituting a city-wide voting minority, could not hope to win. But it was mainly inertia and lack of leadership that prevented a colored candidate from making his presence felt. White incumbents with progressive reputations won handily, and all three winners in a runoff election early in November had Negro backing, while die-hard segregationists lost—developments that encourage the city's moderates.

There are also reasons for pessimism. One is the growing, if numerically small, readership of a hate sheet called the Birmingham *Independent*. It carries a considerable amount of local advertising and includes a Holiday Inn ad from Selma. More ominous is the announced candidacy of Al Lingo, Governor Wallace's former State Highway Patrol director, in next year's Jefferson County's election for sheriff. Lingo has been the strong right arm of Wallace's racist adventures. It was his men who gassed and clubbed the marchers on the Selma bridge last March. One man well placed in Birmingham City Hall says, "I'm scared to death of a Lingo victory."

Most informed whites think that Lingo will be hard pressed to defeat the present sheriff, A. Melvin Bailey, who has an excellent reputation among whites and Negroes. However, a racist campaign could stir up the extremists who bombed and killed in 1963. Their names are generally known to Birmingham officials, and a man who bears one of the most prominent names in city-county politics told me: "We know who bombed the church and killed the four little girls. He's a crazy man. I fired him from the city payroll once because of his ways. But when they gave him the lie-detector test he fell asleep in the middle of it. We just can't get enough to convict him."

### Silent Condoning

This is small comfort to one man in Birmingham who makes an eloquent summation of the city's position today. He is Chris McNair, a commercial photographer. His eleven-year-old daughter Denise was one of the children in the Sunday-school class on September 15, 1963, killed when the bomb exploded in the Sixteenth Street Church. The lesson that day was entitled "Love That Forgives," but McNair finds problems in forgiveness.

"This city just wants to forget the bombing," he says. "But to think the person who did it walks just as free as you and I means something dangerous is still loose in this city. On the anniversary of the bombing I caught myself looking at the paper to see if there was a reminder. But there wasn't a word. I think there was a service at the church but I didn't go. I'm so tired of the hypocrisy. . . ."

His voice trailed off and then he



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continued. "The average person here, white or Negro, feels, 'Why rock the boat?' There's been a lot of bombings over the years. Why don't they screen the police who investigated them without catching anybody and find out why? But they don't. We're supposed to forget. Nobody gets punished. I think many Negroes who could be leading in these demands are acting like the white element, keeping silent. Understand, I think the good white people—and we've got some real good ones in Birmingham—are more active now, more cognizant. I think the hate element is a minority. But the silent condoning seems to tell the haters to go ahead. As a Christian, I realize that no one is without sin and maybe I could forgive the bombers—but not a society that permits it. Do you know, until this day, not a single representative from any law agency—city, state, or Federal—has come to tell me what's happening in the investigation?"

McNair paused, and then spoke of the need for honest racial progress in Birmingham, such as programs to train Negroes in mechanical skills beyond the present classes in shoemaking or upholstering. He cited homely examples; there are no Negro air-conditioning or refrigerator repairmen in the city, and few adequately trained TV repairmen. He looked up at the wall at a photo he had taken of a young Negro boy in ragged sneakers who was enrolled in one of Birmingham's Operation Headstart programs this summer.

"I was worse off than he when I was a kid," he said, "but I persevered and got help from a good Mississippi white man along the way. I'm not trying to take a stick to the South. I love the South. This is home and I intend to stay here and help make it right. I look at that boy and think how Denise was going to have it easier. I think she was so American in that respect and others.

"I thought that the other day when we went out to the grave to lay a wreath. You know, she always had a pet dog, and we had inscribed on her monument, 'She loved dogs but the mad bomber hated her kind.' She was a Southern American, a citizen of Birmingham. I haven't forgotten that and I don't intend to forget. No matter who else does."

## AT HOME & ABROAD

# The Rhodesian Rebellion

## I. The Chips Are Down

**GEORGE IVAN SMITH**

WHEN on November 11 Ian Smith illegally proclaimed that Rhodesia had assumed sovereign independence, he was not only behaving in the Cecil Rhodes tradition, he was in fact acting out the last scene of a cliff-hanging colonial melodrama that Rhodes himself had staged. The history of European Rhodesia is so short, a mere seventy-five years, and so charged with adventurers and the reckless outriders of pioneering companies, that the past is the catalyst in today's events.

Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, Henry Stanley, who came in search of the wealth and power that could then be prized out of Africa by men willing to exert the effort and accept the risks, sought the protection of some flag under which to seize their Eldorados. Rhodes and his powerful friends in the City of London used their great influence to drag in a reluctant British government behind Rhodes's conquest. Cryptically, Queen Victoria tried to warn the Africans that Rhodes might abuse their hospitality, but in 1889 she granted a charter for his British South Africa Company to occupy Rhodesia for trading and mining puposes. B.S.A. took over and remained in control until 1923. Instead of mining and trading as the Africans had expected, the agents of B.S.A. acquired millions of acres of land by force and drove Africans off any territory the company needed. When native resentment grew to such a pitch that Africans killed large numbers of settlers near Bulawayo, the company went to war against the Matabele in 1893 and again in 1896 and crushed them ruthlessly.

However, there was one serious obstacle to total freedom of action both for B.S.A. and for the white settler governments that succeeded it in 1923. In both phases the British government had reserved its right and responsibility to protect the interests of Africans in Rhodesia. That function has not been carried out



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effectively, partly because the running of affairs out in the field was conducted first by the company's agents and then by white settler governments with only token official British representation, and partly because the foundations of the new state were being laid by soldiers of fortune, many of them educated in the South African school of race relations.

At various times there were protests in the London press, in Parliament, and in the Privy Council against the settlers' brutality, the plundering of land, and the discrimination against Africans that was increasingly being reflected in legislation as well as in practice. But few of these protests were effective. The constitutional safeguards to protect Africans' rights went largely disregarded by settler governments. From 1923 until 1961, there was no thought of permitting Africans to participate in the political life of their country. There was an all-white Parliament and primarily it served the interests of the small European minority.

Now, under the 1961 constitution, a few Africans vote on a restricted roll and return fifteen members. There are some four million Africans. Though estimates of the number of whites vary, there are fewer than 250,000 at most, but all their adults vote and return fifty members.

### The New Bigots

But while the early white settlers in Rhodesia were rough, tough, and blind to the needs and rights of indigenous people, it is only fair to add that this was in the colonial tradition that had existed for centuries before them in Asia, the Americas, Australia, and in other parts of Africa. The descendants of the Rhodesian pioneers and those who came to the country before the war had enough time to know the land and the African people to appreciate the necessity for change. They were prepared to move gradually toward breaking down the barriers between races and, after the events in the Congo, began to realize that European security in Africa depended on training Africans to accept a multiracial society and equipping them to play a leading part in it.

The 1961 Rhodesian constitution represented a step in that direction. It was a modest step, but together with Prime Minister Sir Edgar Whitehead's undertaking to repeal the shameful Land Apportionment Act of 1941, which segregated Africans so that they were obliged to live in African "townships" outside European settlements, it did mean a significant shift.

Unhappily, this was frustrated by a new development. Before the war there had been only about thirty thousand white families. After the war an army of immigrants poured in and doubled the white population. It was not their numbers that

changed the situation so much as their types and their motives. Many left the discomfort of Sir Stafford Cripps's austerity England and found a warm paradise in which the standard of living for Europeans generally is among the highest in the world—if you measure it in terms of cars, swimming pools, and other luxuries. The favorite Conservative slogan is "You've never had it so good," and these artisans, who in industrial England had probably voted Labour, suddenly became the most Conservative of all. Among the migrants, there was also a high proportion of senior British officers of the armed services. Traditionally these were men who once retired to places like Cheltenham or some other spa town in England, but Rhodesia was better than that. There were, too, South Africans, who trekked north in large numbers. Most of the postwar influx of farmers into Rhodesia came from the south and the majority were of Afrikaans origin.

It is extraordinary and frightening to observe how quickly men and women who regarded themselves at home as good and kindly souls whisk into a facile process of rationalization in a society like today's Rhodesia and appear not to understand that they have become as race-minded as Nazis. One young man said to me that he had known and liked the few Africans at his English university, but that "out here" he hated them. The earlier white settler governments had laid a solid foundation in law and practice for the new bigots.

The Dominion Party of right-wing Europeans was a new group led by William Harper, ex-R.A.F., whose family had lived in India for generations. That party opposed the 1961 constitution precisely because it was taking the country, albeit slowly, toward majority rule. When Whitehead let it be known that discrimination against Africans should be reduced by repealing certain acts that should never have been permitted in law anyhow, the hard core, backed by the millionaire tobacco farmer "Boss" Lilford, formed a Rhodesian Front to oppose Whitehead in the first elections under the 1961 constitution. They were held in December, 1962.

A key campaign item of the Rhodesian Front campaign was an advertisement showing the legs of black and white girls walking to school together. The text read, "RHODESIA IS NOT READY FOR THIS." The Rhodesian Front won the election, carrying with it the people and policies of the Dominion Party. The newcomers had made it clear that their new-found luxuries were not going to be taken away so quickly. White Rhodesians who had lived in the country for many years, the Tredgolds, the Beadles, the Welenskys, even while representing very different political positions, recognized that such a head-on collision with an increasing African majority represented a danger to Rhodesia's future.

### Smith vs. Wilson

The Front's first Prime Minister, Winston Field, had spent decades in Rhodesia and was respected by many Africans who knew him although they deplored his politics. He had decency and a regard for human dignity and for constitutional law. That was his undoing. He was deposed because he wouldn't push the declaration of an independence that everyone knew to be illegal.

Ian Smith was thereupon brought in to do the job as Prime Minister


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of a cabinet mainly formed of post-war migrants. Smith first planned to blast out the European opposition. He called in publicity advisers from South Africa and later constitutional lawyers to assist him. Playing on the fears of Europeans about events in African-ruled countries and pointing to the prosperity and security in South Africa as the new Eldorado, he led them into an election this year in which issues were lost in emotions. The Unilateral Declaration of Independence was not an issue, Smith declared, and on those grounds tried to suppress reports by industrial and commercial groups that UDI would bring British sanctions and economic disaster to Rhodesia.

Smith demolished the opposition at the elections. He did not bother to contest seats on the "B" Roll with African voters. He wanted that rump of fifteen African seats to be a token of African participation, which, along with a Senate of tame tribal chiefs whose ancient authority he was trying to re-establish, would give the impression of concern for the Africans without affecting European control.

### The Battle and the War

One other side of the public relations job had first to be cleaned up. Smith had to try to keep the City of London and the Conservative opposition with him so as to restrain the British response to the action his government had clearly decided upon long before the so-called negotiations with Commonwealth Relations Secretary Arthur Bottomley in Salisbury last March and later with Harold Wilson and others in London and in Salisbury. He had to have a pretext; provocation was needed. But the British brilliantly denied it to him.

In spite of the difficulties it would create for Britain with African states, Wilson had to say that Britain would not use force. Force used against "kith and kin" would have split his government, the Conservatives would have rallied behind Rhodesia —or at least counseled moderation —and the hesitancy of those Rhodesians who still had doubts about an illegal declaration of independence would have been dispelled.

The game between London and Salisbury went on for months. Smith was the one to lose. He was outsmarted and was finally forced by his farmers and racists to live up to his threats. They had always thought discussions with Britain a waste of time. Do it, they said, and when the outside world sees that we are masters in our own house, then the investors will put money in and we can go ahead with developing this place.

They have done it. They invoke the American Declaration of Independence, forgetting that it began by recognizing the equality of men. The Rhodesian declaration is based on the proposition that a quarter of a million Europeans can dominate four million Africans. So far, the attempt has involved the Europeans in jailing or putting in detention more than 2,000 Africans, in breaking up every attempt by Africans to establish responsible political parties, and in establishing a police system which has practiced brutalities on a scale that indicates the size of their problem in trying to suppress the African protest.

The ultimate difficulty and most tragic fact in the Rhodesian crisis is that the African majority is still forced into the background. The immediate attempts to solve the crisis concerned the Europeans' side of the problem—how the metropolitan authority can control a rebellious white minority abroad. However, in winning the battle London could in fact lose the war, because the vast African majority and its scores of supporters among national governments in Africa and abroad are becoming impatient of European games. Some four million Africans in Rhodesia live in deplorable conditions awaiting the result of a dispute among white men whose outcome will decide their fate. It remains to be seen how long African patience will last.

# II. How Tight Is the Squeeze?

**RUSSELL WARREN HOWE**

LONDON

"THE USE of force against a rebellious Rhodesia won't be necessary. Economic sanctions alone will put the rebellion down." The speaker was not a nervous British government spokesman but Simon Kapwepwe, Zambia's Foreign Minister, who made this statement to me a year ago after getting a briefing from Commonwealth Relations Secretary Arthur Bottomley on what London would do—and has now done—to crush a bid for independent white supremacy south of the Zambezi.

"The sooner Smith rebels, the better. Then our problems will be solved." The speaker was not a "barefoot white" in Salisbury's Parktown suburb but Joshua Nkomo, who British Prime Minister Harold Wilson believes will one day head an African government in Rhodesia. He made the comment after meeting Wilson in Salisbury and before being returned to the detention camp at Gonakudzingwa.

Most African observers agree that in one way or another, rebellion has probably hastened the advent of representative government in Rhodesia, but most economists doubt whether international sanctions will crush the Smith régime rapidly enough to prevent a major international crisis—a "super-Katanga." Although the full effect of sanctions will be felt only relatively slowly, in the end they may remove the biggest obstacle to a lasting settlement by driving out the white working class, which blocks the path to African political and economic equality. Britain's main economic measures are expulsion from the sterling area and Commonwealth preference, ending the purchase of Rhodesian tobacco and sugar, and cutting Rhodesia off from the London credit market.

Zambia, Rhodesia's main customer, has followed Britain's lead and banned "all trade" but continues to share ownership of air, rail, and electricity services with its rebellious neighbor. Malawi, which last year



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spent $18 million in Rhodesia, is equivocal about the future. Rhodesia's exports last year totaled $355.9 million, nearly forty per cent of its gross national product. Zambia's share was $96.1 million, including seventy per cent of Rhodesia's industrial exports. Britain's share was $84.6 million.

RHODESIA'S main export and Britain's main purchase is tobacco. Last year Rhodesia's crop earned $109.2 million, of which Britain bought almost half. Most other buyers have promised to join the boycott. Ostensibly only South Africa remains among the regular purchasers of the crop.

The tobacco boycott is the easiest to apply. Britain has two years' tobacco stocks and the United States, with its huge surplus, could keep Britain supplied for years. There is, in fact, a world glut of tobacco. The Rhodesian government hopes either to break Britain's resolve before April, when the next crop will reach the market, or to find alternative customers. However, the Rhodesia Tobacco Association, in a report this year on what the effect of rebellion against Britain would be, warned that of the 280-million-pound crop estimated for next year, "We could at best sell 130 million pounds at giveaway prices and burn the rest."

A London tobacco buyer has called this forecast optimistic. It apparently assumes that South Africa would buy about five years' stocks to help the rebels; but there is reason to doubt that Pretoria, under its current import-restrictions policy, would do this. The great bulk of the crop is normally prefinanced by British banks, so in any case the farmers will have difficulty planting.

The Rhodesian sugar farmer is also in for a beating. Britain bought most of this year's $12-million crop —expected to double next year— at $128.80 per ton on Commonwealth preference instead of at the world price of $50 to $53 a ton. Now Britain has banned further purchases. In sugar, too, there is, if not a glut, at least a world surplus. Britain will continue for the moment to buy Rhodesia's chrome and asbestos, but at nonpreference prices.

Rhodesia's assets in London of gold, sterling, and other hard currencies have been blocked but not frozen. The $68 million they represent can be used to pay British bills —a British compromise to discourage seizure of British assets in Rhodesia. Used on nonmilitary British goods, these funds could be stretched to keep Rhodesia going for about three months. Even this would represent a small increase over last year's purchases from Britain, which were less than one per cent of Britain's exports.

### Smith's Allies

Prime Minister Smith has two supporters, one open, the other more cautious. Portugal has accepted a Rhodesian diplomatic agent despite Britain's strong objection and delayed the repatriation to London through Mozambique of Britons who quit the Rhodesian police force. Its trade with Rhodesia is negligible,

however, and its importance lies solely in the fact that, along with South Africa, it provides the landlocked rebel colony with access to the sea. Portugal's open support is more than a political bid to help preserve white supremacy in southern Africa. The collapse of Rhodesian trade will hurt the Mozambican ports of Beira and Lourenço Marques and the country's railroad. But Portugal is not expected to recognize the rebel régime, since Britain, under pressure from the African states, might retaliate by recognizing Holden Roberto's Angolan government in exile.

Smith's second ally is South Africa, which sells Rhodesia $76.4 million of goods each year and stands to pick up business from the boycott of Smith's régime. The increase will be limited by Rhodesia's ability to pay. Rhodesia sells South Africa $28 million of goods each year, but its main products—from agriculture and light industry—are things that South Africa has more abundantly and more cheaply. If South Africa can evade its treaty obligation to buy all its phosphates from Senegal, Rhodesia could sell Pretoria its own production, worth $2 million. The fact is that nothing will earn as much as before. With expulsion from sterling and the country's sales and reserves dwindling, the Rhodesian pound is now selling in Zambia's black market for ten shillings, half its nominal pre-rebellion value. De facto or de jure devaluation will make the payments deficit even worse. Smith hopes that South Africa will underwrite the currency. Burdened with its own foreign-trade problems, South Africa is hesitant. It is anxious, as always, to avoid international illegality and not to bait the United Nations into action in southern Africa. It has persistently refused to give Rhodesia its own sterling currency, the rand.

WILSON'S measures at present seem strong enough to cripple the rebel economy. Yet opinion as diverse as that of the *Times,* the *Guardian,* and the *Daily Mirror,* and members of all three parliamentary parties insist that a slow attrition process will lead to more violence and repression within Rhodesia and increase international dissatisfaction with Britain's failure to use force. Wilson hesitates to throw the book at Smith, if only because British investments in the colony might be seized. Wilson's critics reply that these would be recovered after the rebellion was over. Except for the Tory far Right, no one in London appears to think that the rebellion will succeed.

Britain is prepared to embargo oil if necessary and has assurances of support from the United States, Western Europe, and Japan. Before rebelling, Smith offered pirate rates to AGIP, the Italian state oil company, and Total, a French company, if they would agree to circumvent a



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ban, but he drew a negative response. Though an oil embargo will be difficult and perhaps costly if naval blockades are involved, it would certainly speed up the attrition. Mozambique and South Africa would be restricted to normal domestic requirements and South Africa would be unlikely to infringe a ban, since to do so would invite similar sanctions against itself. Britain controls, through its Bechuanaland Protectorate, the South Africa-Rhodesia rail route, so that the only other way to get oil through would be by truck from South Africa or via Mozambique.

South Africa has been storing oil for several months and would be naturally reluctant to deplete this reserve just to give Rhodesia a few weeks' grace. Rhodesia's Anglo-American-owned Umtali refinery holds a month's reserves for Rhodesia and for Zambia, which also depends on Umtali. With Rhodesia embargoed, Zambia, like the southern Congo, would have to get oil through Benguela in Angola—or from Dar es Salaam in Tanzania.

**Copper: The Weak Link?**

The possible soft spot in the sanctions ring is less South Africa and Portugal than Zambia, the former Northern Rhodesia. President Kenneth Kaunda, who is as stable and cautious as Smith and his colleagues are rash and arrogant, and his new nation have a flourishing economy and nearly $600 million in gold and hard-currency reserves. He is anxious not to wreck his accounts, but he naturally hates the Smith régime and is pledged to back Britain's moves.

Smith might retaliate against a Zambian boycott by cutting the rail link that takes Zambia's copper to Beira, and possibly by cutting the Zambian Copperbelt off from Kariba power. When the Anglo-Zambian defense treaty was signed last November, British spokesmen said that if Zambia's sovereign share of Kariba was interfered with, the power station, which lies just on the Rhodesian side of the frontier, would be taken over by Britain. But the railroad has no such guarantee.

Royal Air Force, U.S. Air Force, and Lockheed officials have done the planning for a C-130 airlift to get supplies into Zambia if the railroad is cut. The returning planes would evacuate to Dar es Salaam as much as possible of Zambia's daily copper production of over a thousand tons. Obviously only a small portion of the bulky ore could be flown out. Union Minière has agreed to stockpile manganese in Katanga to free enough Benguela freight cars to evacuate three hundred tons of Zambian copper daily, if the southern route is cut. Hitting Zambia is Smith's best way of hitting Britain, which buys three-quarters of Zambia's annual production of 750,000 tons of copper, plus other essential metals. London buys Zambian copper at the "controlled price" of $850 a ton. It also buys another 400,000 tons yearly, three-quarters of it domestic scrap, at about $1,400—increased since the crisis to $1,548.40.

Commodity-market sources say that because of a world copper shortage, Britain could not replace all of Zambia's supplies. With Britain's need and the absence of most or part of Zambia's fifteen per cent of the free world's supplies, the price would rise enormously. If this happens, the price of American products would eventually be affected.

If Smith and his colleagues are impetuous enough to force the copper tycoons to the wall, Wilson would seem to have two alternatives: to set up the Zambian copper airlift or to send in troops. Although military intervention would be taken only as a last resort, plans have already been made to send a battalion from Aden. Such an action, if only to prevent, in Wilson's words, "the appearance of the Red Army in blue berets," would be infinitely cheaper than an airlift.

Most attention will focus, if it takes place, on an oil embargo, which African countries would help to enforce by limiting their own markets —together, thirty times Rhodesia's —to companies supporting the ban. When Wilson threatened the ban during his Salisbury talks, his spokesman said countries implementing it would "not be willing to sell oil to



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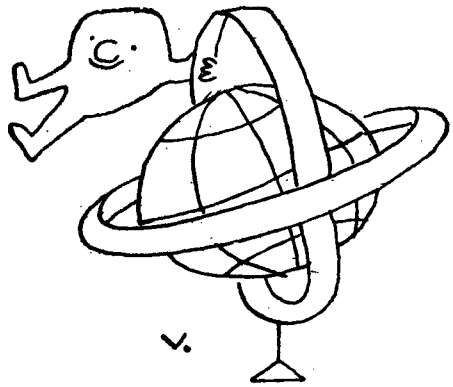
any country trading with a rebellious Rhodesia." This would affect Portugal and South Africa.

With or without the oil embargo, the sanctions ought logically, as Wilson and Simon Kapwepwe think, to wear down the rebellion. "Smith," noted the *Guardian*, "will not find it easy to govern without the consent of the governed." He will find it even harder to govern with his supporters gone, and this seems to be the most likely important effect of Britain's actions.

ACCORDING to British High Commissioner John B. Johnston, who has returned to London, there are 180,000 whites in Rhodesia, half of them with United Kingdom passports and a fourth with South African ones. The total white electorate, including some U.K. citizens, is 67,000. About 150,000 whites are working-class. Voting adults in this group make up most of Smith's support. Semi-skilled and unskilled white workers depend for their existence on the "three pillars" of the Rhodesian economy: land apportionment, the non-white job ceiling, and the race tax. The sanctions will lead to a slowing down of the economy and unemployment for both black and white workers. In a country with no social security, the working-class whites, with their often middle-class living standards, are less able to withstand adversity than the Africans. Most, it is thought, will drive off with their bills unpaid to South Africa, where there are jobs in abundance, or leave for Britain or Australia.

Rhodesia's main problem is that it has more expatriates requiring an overdeveloped standard of living than an underdeveloped country can carry without resorting to tyrannous racial legislation to protect the white surplus. Wilson on Johnston's advice believes that the present squeeze, perhaps with oil added, will push out those who make a permanent peaceful settlement impossible. Believing that Salisbury will prove a Little Rock but not a Suez, Wilson hopes to turn the crisis into a victory that could win the Labour Party a snap election. Hurdles aplenty remain, but Wilson, a political technician rather than a statesman, is convinced that time is on his side.



# A+B+C+D=NY²

**MEG GREENFIELD**

ON OCTOBER 11, the United States Supreme Court handed down a ruling that was something of a landmark in the New York State reapportionment case: it directed the state to proceed with the election of a new legislature under a redistricting plan that the state's highest court had found to violate the New York constitution. Since the plan had been devised by a legislature whose own existence the Supreme Court had found to violate the U.S. Constitution, the ruling obviously raised some interesting and important questions, although nobody could think what they were.

To veteran issue watchers, this development did not come as a surprise. For at least two years it had been apparent that the New York reapportionment problem was well on its way to becoming the nation's leading impenetrable public issue, and that, as a source of unread newspaper stories, it had already overtaken such giants in the field as the international liquidity crisis, omnibus farm legislation, and the reorganization of the National Guard. To be sure, there are still no figures available to document relative standings in all this, but it is the opinion of some that the issue has done a good deal more than simply outclass the competition in its power to induce stupefaction. For whereas the subsidy, liquidity, and National Guard situations have at all times remained accessible to a hideous application of human reason (the argument runs), New York's reapportionment case seems to be moving toward a point of final and complete opacity.

A LOOK at the October 12 news accounts reveals the dimension of the problem; and it also helps explain why, at first glance, the fault appears to be that of the press—some troubled persons having even gone so far as to charge malicious intent and premeditated "gaslighting." As evidence, these persons point to the New York *Times* report and ask what other explanation there could be for a sentence such as that which reads as follows: "Since the Supreme Court had upheld the lower Federal court's decision to hold the election despite the state



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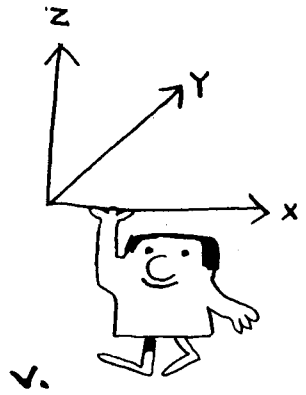
court's ruling, the high court today dismissed Governor Rockefeller's appeal as moot." In this, the suspicious seem to be on fairly solid ground, but much of their other evidence fails to stand up. It is true as charged, for example, that the *Times* account dwelt upon the court's disposal of "four interlocking appeals," of which, it went on to say, "Democrats had filed three" and "two had been filed by Thomas E. Dewey," as counsel for New York State. But, as any intelligent person would have begun to sense somewhere in the course of a careful third reading, one of the two and three that made up the five was not among the four that had been disposed of.

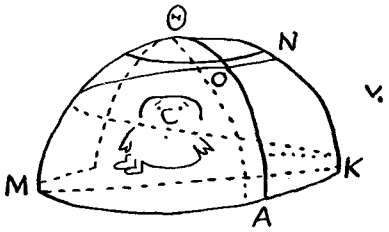
Moreover, the conspiracy school appears to have made far too much of the fact that the *Times* reporter, having opened his story with the news that the court had turned down an appeal to review the New York reapportionment plan while accepting an appeal to review that of Hawaii, immediately undertook to analyze what the court had meant to do "by declining to consider the New York and Hawaiian appeals." Open-minded and properly rested readers could think of any number of reasons for this admittedly troublesome aspect of the story. They never foreclosed the possibility, for example, that what had happened was that a lower Federal court or a higher Hawaiian state court had upheld some feature of the plan which was appealed to the Supreme Court and denied at the same time that an appeal by the state from another court order, which would have resulted in a review, was granted, or something of that nature.

Unfortunately, this explanation has failed to mollify many critics who counter that the press has an obligation to supply such information if it is relevant and true—an argument that goes to the heart of what is known in reapportionment circles as the vexed-context question. For while most thoughtful observers concede that the public's understanding of the issue has suffered from the newsmen's failure to provide the political and legal background of daily events, they believe that it has suffered far more grievously on those occasions when such background was provided. As an example, they have




cited the *Times's* undoubtedly well-meant effort to clarify the superimposition-of-large-multimember-districts-on-each-other controversy not long ago, which, they note, the Baltimore *Sun* for the same day quite sensibly simply took note of as an "issue" and which the New York *Herald Tribune,* in a characteristic show of public responsibility, restrained itself from mentioning at all. And few have even dared estimate the probable decline in readership that followed the *Times's* explanation of developments in Albany last winter: "Should the court strike down the fractional voting plan, then Plan C would become the law of the state. Should it also strike down Plan C, then Plan B would go into effect. This is to be achieved, according to reliable informants, by passing first the plan least favorable to the Republicans, Plan A. The Governor will sign it. Then Plan B will be passed and signed, superseding Plan A, and so on. When this procedure has been completed, Plan D—the one including fractional voting—will be in force."

By and large, it is this sort of thing that has convinced most members of the dwindling legislative reapportionment community that any obligation the press may have to explain the situation to the public must be weighed against an even greater obligation, which is not to. It therefore seems extremely unfair to blame the confusion on reporters,




who in the main are a fine class of people, many of whom have gone out of their way to provide the reapportionment story with what is called "color" in their profession—"Judge Waterman, a strong-jawed Vermonter"; "'Judge' Rifkind, a wiry, animated man with a trim gray mustache."

### A>B<C>D

Naturally, the provision of "color" has not wholly made up for the lack of "meaning." What, after all, can the diligent reader really learn about the October 11 event? Is it enough to know that the state has been ordered to hold an election under Republican Plan A without knowing, for instance, what Plan A *is*? As luck would have it, the answer to this question appears to be "Yes": an informal survey of the handful of persons who claim still to be following the case revealed that none of them was any longer capable of recalling what Plan A was—except to say that it was "different" from Plans B, C, and D, which were "knocked out"—and fully fifteen per cent of those questioned admitted to this magazine that they had "probably" never known. As these persons saw it, the burden of the October 11 story was this:

The court ordered the election of a new legislature under reapportionment Plan A, while reserving final judgment on Plans B, C, and D until it had decided what to do about Hawaii. Whatever the ultimate resolution of the Hawaiian B-C-D situation, however, the upshot of the Plan A reapportionment was bound to be more reapportionment because, as the press had made plain, the newly reapportioned legislature, though not yet elected, was under an order to devise a permanent new reapportionment scheme in 1966. Moreover, a referendum on the November ballot would lead to a state constitutional convention that would devise a permanent new reapportionment scheme in 1967. And Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller was already under an order of the New York Supreme Court to devise a permanent new reapportionment scheme no later than February 1, 1966. Notably, all the persons surveyed declined to speculate on an apparent confusion of responsibilities here,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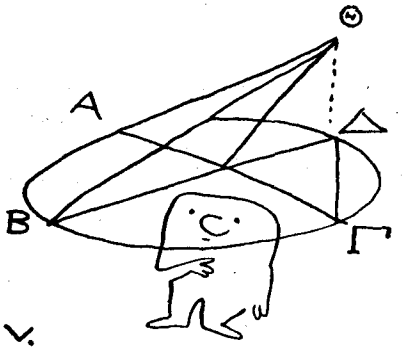
turning away all inquiries on the matter with the observation that "It depends what you mean by 'permanent.' "

The political implications they considered on the whole to be less clear. They pointed out that the *Times's* section on how the ruling would affect "Democratic interests" failed to help them much because




it had been a full two years since they had been entirely clear about what the Democratic interests were. To the best of their recollection, they said, the Democrats had once been *for* holding elections in 1965, but not under Plan A, and the Republicans had been *against* holding elections in 1965 under any plan until, following the 1964 elections, the Republicans had decided that their interests would be served by elections in 1965 while the Democratic interests would not be. For this reason, they felt, the *Herald Tribune's* assessment of the ruling as the "last blow" to the Democrats might well have been more accurate than the *Times's* opinion that Democratic opposition to the elections had in fact melted. When they were asked to assess the Democratic interest in the light of the fact that radio station WMCA, which had initiated the suit and had gone into court to have Plan A declared unconstitutional, was now trying to get the courts to compel an election under Plan A and also asking the Supreme Court to deny what appeared to be its own appeal, thirty-six were "undecided," eight had "no opinion," and one man burst into tears.

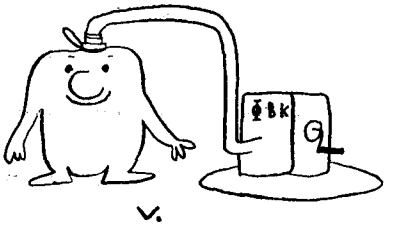
Even on the basis of such unofficial polling, it is possible to understand why the New York reapportionment problem has aroused so much interest in medical circles—especially among psychologists who suspect it may force a rethinking of widely accepted theories of thought retention and data mastery going back as far as 1885 and the publication of Hermann Ebbinghaus's classic work, *Über das Gedächtnis*. Ebbinghaus, for whom the famous "forgetting curve" has been named, experimented in the human capacity to learn and retain monosyllabic words that had been constructed so as to be entirely devoid of meaning —TAJ ZIN VEC YOX JOF. And his major discovery was that, even though the rate of learning was slowed by the addition of more meaningless data, man's ability to retain and repeat it appeared to be indefinitely expandable.

### A+B+C+D=?

Taken together, the limitations of both the human mind and the working press might seem to present an insurmountable obstacle to the achievement of an over-all grasp of the New York reapportionment problem. Nevertheless, it is possible to gain at least a sketchy perspective on events by consulting the 149 column inches that have been devoted to the controversy in the New York *Times Index* since 1961, when the "WMCA *et al.*" case was begun and the Republicans in Albany sought to put through a reapportionment bill of their own ("Dems call bill 'larceny, mockery'. . . ed scores Repubs . . . Ryan blames Zaretzki . . . Zaretzki disputes Carlino . . . Sen Mahoney defends not holding pub hearings . . . holds pub not interested"). Since WMCA *et al.* lost its case and the Republican bill did not pass, these events were significant chiefly in that they preceded events of the following year, when, as a result of the court's one man, one vote ruling, WMCA reopened its suit and also demanded that a special legislative session be held on the problem, contrary to the Governor's best judgment ("Rockefeller . . . holds issue too complex for election year . . . cites difficulties of equating air apportionment with population equality"). As an issue, however, air apportionment never really caught on. The court proceeded to order the lower court to reconsider the WMCA complaint ("Ruling is blow to Rockefeller"), which it did and decided that it had been right the first time ("Ruling is major victory for Rockefeller"). On appeal by WMCA, the court sent the case back for yet another reconsideration, which not only constituted a second blow to the Governor but which appeared to have a certain finality and even significance about it ("A Krock comments").

In a stunning countermove, the Governor appointed a special citizens' committee to advise him on reapportionment, and R. P. Straus, president of WMCA, appointed a detective to find out what the perhaps more crucial legislative committee was doing. There were serious limitations to the detective's activity ("detective has to leave at bldg closing time"), but the citizens' committee, which Straus attacked in a telegram its chairman didn't receive, turned out to have been quite limited in its activity, too ("com has not yet met"). The Governor thereupon let it be known that there would be no special session, for which he received an editorial scoring. However, the loss of the legislative elections that fall appears to have persuaded him of the necessity of holding such a session before the Republican legislature was adjourned, for which he received another editorial scoring and also was scored by the Democrats, who introduced the lame-duck issue in a gay and spirited fashion ("Rockefeller on arrival at airport from vacation in Spain greeted by Dems masked as ducks").

By now, of course, it was 1964, and one of the committees must be presumed to have met because a thirty-four-page report was issued




that was the basis for Republican Plans A, B, C, and D. These were to be introduced (ABCD) in an ascending order of their preferability to the Republicans, which was also the descending order of their presumed constitutionality. The Democrats and the courts swung into action, as a result of which all but



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Plan A seemed to be ruled out as the basis for a new election ("both parties claim victory"), and the Democrats subsequently uncovered their own alternative plan. However, the alternative did not prove upon its unveiling to be universally acceptable ("Repubs, Reform Dems, Negroes, Puerto Ricans denounce it . . . large numbers of errors in it noted . . . Tammany leader Jones charges Koch pleaded for plan that would 'get rid of Itals in his dist' . . . Koch denial . . . Grossman, Levy back Jones version . . . Posner charges plan is deal between Dem leadership and Bronx oldline leader Buckley . . . Buckley denies deal . . . ed scores plan . . . Jones calls Koch 'liar' "). It was shortly thereafter that the three-man Federal court ordered that the election be held under Plan A after all ("Dem leaders stung; score ct").

### ½±½>A

Regrettably, this clarification of the past may not be much help in predicting the outlook for the future. Under Plan A, the New York electorate chose a Republican state senate and a Democratic state assembly each of which has let it be known that it intends to meet all the courts' various orders with a new plan of its own. Moreover, as the *Times* of November 5 disclosed, the Democratic advisory committee in Albany is seeking the services of an electronic computer. "The computer," the *Times* reported, "would be used to figure out legislative districts as closely as possible to carry out the Supreme Court's one-man-one-vote mandate."

Since the electronic effort is just getting under way, there is probably no truth to reports out of Albany that the Democrats are having a good deal of trouble programming the computer, which is said to have already been fed the relevant court transcripts, all five volumes of the *Times Index,* and, as a precaution against one obvious danger, a ton and a half of No-Doz pills. And at this writing, it has also been impossible to confirm a persistent rumor that no matter how the questions are put, the machine continues to provide the same answer: TAJ ZIN VEC YOX JOF—in no particular order.

# A Cautionary Report on Laos

**DENIS WARNER**

VIENTIANE

LAOS, or to be more exact, the western diplomatic circuit in Vientiane, is in a state of euphoria. Since 1959, the fall high-water mark on the brim of the Mekong has tended to reflect a military and political low-water mark in the domestic affairs of the kingdom. The Communist-led Pathet Lao once seemed not only to be ten feet tall but to have webbed feet as well, and the clearing November skies used to bring little cheer to spirits dampened by reverses during the rainy season.

This year, for a change, there is cause for optimism. But once again, there seems to be a danger that local successes may obscure the real issues that have persisted since the Geneva Conference of 1962 theoretically neutralized Laos under a government combining right-wing, leftist, and neutralist leaders. Subsequently, a series of coups left the neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma in control, though sporadic fighting with the Pathet Lao, which holds much of the eastern section of the country, has continued.

If Laos could be considered a separate entity, divorced from the war in Vietnam or the subversion and infiltration in northeastern Thailand, and if the handouts on which the country exists could be guaranteed in perpetuity, there might be more reason for the current mood.

Within limitations, the achievements of the past year have been impressive and are worthy of close attention. But more urgently in need of examination are the startling new developments along the Ho Chi Minh trail and the continuing failure, despite a decade of effort and half a billion dollars of foreign aid, to achieve anything that can even remotely be considered as a basis for economic viability. If the United States were to cease its budgetary support of Laos, five years from now there would be nothing to show that it had ever been there. With a few exceptions, there is little to show even now.

AS EARLY AS last winter, the military situation had begun to take a turn for the better in the less critical areas of the country. The use of American air power against the Pathet Lao's lines of communications, and the tactical operations of T-28s flown by both Lao and Thai pilots in close support of the Royal Lao ground forces, had brought a marked change in morale. Pathet Lao plus the North Vietnamese Vietminh used to equal a Royal Lao rout. Now, with air power added to the equation, the Pathet Lao and even the Vietminh were doing the running. Moreover, paramilitary aircraft of Air America, a CIA-sponsored transport operation, had supplied Meo tribesmen in the uplands with rice and rifles and rallied them to oppose the Communists.

The wet season saw a continuation of these developments. General Ung Pao, a thirty-six-year-old Meo tribesman and a native of Sam Neua Province, which for the past thirteen years has mostly been in Communist hands, carried out a highly successful campaign in his native mountains and valleys with the logistical support of Air America. Nearly three-quarters of the population of the province are Meo, and Ung Pao made full use of them, harrying and blocking and effectively preventing



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the Pathet Lao from using Route 6 from Sam Neua to its main positions on the Plain of Jars.

The Pathet Lao's hold on this strategic center was never really threatened, but its occupancy became extremely uncomfortable. Last year American aircraft took out the main bridge on Route 7, the only available road link between the Plain of Jars and North Vietnam, and both American and Lao aircraft continued to hinder the movement of supplies during the rainy season. Consumer goods became increasingly short, and even locally grown food, since the peasants were no longer willing to risk their water buffaloes on the road. Indeed, fear of air attacks became so widespread that Prince Souphanouvong, the Pathet Lao leader, and his senior aides never slept twice in the same place. But too much should not be read into the breakdown of the Pathet Lao supply lines. Hanoi has other priorities these days, and the Pathet Lao in this region rates fairly low on the list.

Another operation, in the fearsome terrain north and west of the royal capital of Luang Prabang, has also been going well. Last year Pathet Lao patrols on the Mekong River between Luang Prabang and Ban Houei Sai seriously restricted the flow of consumer goods to the royal capital from the Thailand markets. This year the government forces drove the Pathet Lao from the river and are now extending their hold on the north bank.

Finally, an ingenious Indonesian attempt to drive a wedge between neutralist and rightist forces by taking some 120 officers and noncommissioned officers from General Kong Lae's neutralist army to Indonesia proved a failure even before the abortive Communist coup of September 30 in Djakarta. Lonely and neglected, the Laotians are still in Bandung. But as one western diplomat commented, "Souvanna Phouma was right when he said we had no need to worry about this. The project has been a total flop."

Still, it must be noted that the reverses the Pathet Lao has suffered in the Mekong basin and even in the mountains of Sam Neua have not seriously prejudiced the success of its mission, which is not to seize Vientiane and to capture all of Laos but to continue the relatively small-scale movement of cadres and others across the river into northeastern Thailand, and, much more importantly, to protect the Ho Chi Minh trail. Here, Communist control is absolute and unchallenged.

### Across the River

In their privileged sanctuary in eastern Laos the Communists have accomplished what American military authorities two years ago declared impossible. The Ho Chi Minh trail is not just in the making. It is made. For a time its terminus was at Ban Bak, a village due east of Saravane on the Sekong River and 130 kilometers as the crow flies south-southeast of Tchepone. From Ban Bak, men and materials were ferried downriver for a distance of about thirty kilometers on heavy pirogues that have a carrying capacity of about two tons. Since the river is difficult to navigate by night and the pirogues presented the Laotian T-28s an easy target by day, the Vietcong extended their roadbuilding program. This involved a river crossing and a long new section of road that leads south and west toward the Vietnam border.

Though so far not all sections of the road appear to link up, trucks have been sighted near the end of it; there would seem to be no way they could have arrived there except on their own four wheels. But even a plane flying at treetop level cannot always detect the road beneath, as the U. S. ambassador to Laos, William H. Sullivan, one of the relatively few Americans who have set foot on the Ho trail or one of its branches, can attest. Sullivan flew over one apparently disused section of the trail and saw nothing. Yet when he and his party landed they found under the trees a dirt road big enough to accommodate a small truck.

During the wet season, flooded rivers and unsurfaced roads probably kept the flow of men and materials from North Vietnam along the Ho Chi Minh complex to a minimum. Yet despite intensive bombing of the Nape and Mu Gia passes, the two main access routes from North Vietnam which seemed to be effectively blocked by landslides, and continuing air attacks elsewhere, infiltration from North Vietnam through Laos has been running at the rate of about a thousand men a month. These are specialists, cadres, and main-force units. Without doubt, now that the wet season has passed, the flow will increase.

Even before the roadbuilding efforts of coolies imported from North Vietnam and impressed tribesmen in Laos reached its current state of development, transit time over the Ho Chi Minh trail had been greatly reduced. Between November, 1964, and March, 1965, for instance, the three regiments of the 325th Division of the People's Army of North Vietnam entered South Vietnam. They consisted of ten battalions of infantry, one transport and supply battalion, and seventeen support companies, including heavy artillery, anti-aircraft, heavy machine guns, and the usual headquarters, medical, communications, and intelligence units. All of them crossed into Laos from North Vietnam through the demilitarized zone along the 17th parallel.

First to go was the 95th Regiment. It left in November, crossed the demilitarized zone, and picked up Route 9, which it followed to Tchepone. From this point the journey to South Vietnam along the trails to the High Plateau was extremely slow, and it was not until mid-February, three months after their departure, that the regiment's four infantry battalions and support companies reached their destination.

The 101st Regiment, three battalions strong plus support companies, left in December and cut a month off the time. The 18th Regiment, which was now able to eliminate the journey westward to Tchepone, arrived at Dong Hoi, its departure point in North Vietnam, on March 17. Three days later it entered Laotian territory on foot, and on the same day was in Thua Thien, the second most northerly of the South Vietnamese provinces.

If the time comparison is not strictly fair, since the destinations of the first two regiments were much deeper in South Vietnam and there may well have been logistical delays, the facility with which even major units are able to move from North



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Vietnam is apparent. Indeed, the only real problem associated with the large-scale movement of forces from North Vietnam to South Vietnam appears to be logistical. The Vietcong's sophisticated war effort, with its Communist-bloc weapons and 7.62-mm. small-arms ammunition, requires a vast supply program, so that it is pointless to move large numbers of troops unless equivalent supplies are also available. People who ought to know believe that the Ho trail is largely used for moving men, and that the main part of the increasing quantities of equipment for the Vietcong still comes in by sea.

### Pious Protestation

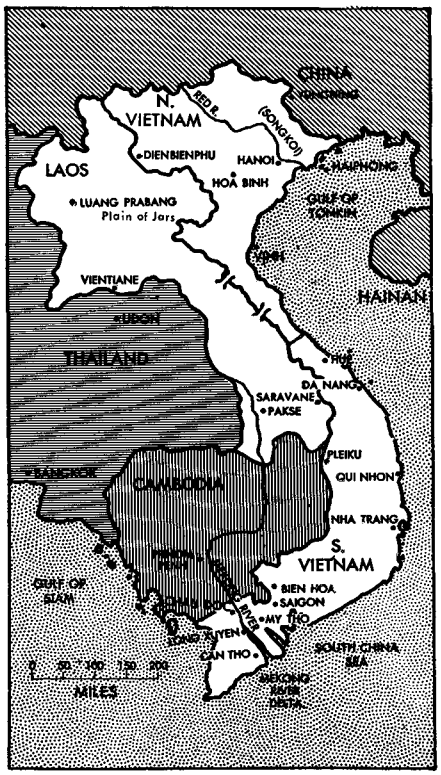
That is a problem that landlocked Laos can do nothing about. For altogether different reasons, it can do nothing against the trail, either. The region is sparsely populated, but the Kha tribesmen, unlike the Meos, are fully under the control of the Pathet Lao, the Vietminh, and the Vietcong. For the perhaps 15,000 Vietminh troops in Laos, apart from those who may be in transit to the south, the primary task is protection of the Ho trail. Anyone infiltrating the area to report on troop movements does so at extreme risk. Real interdiction by air is impossible: at best, air power may hamper and slow the movement of supplies, but in a region such as this it cannot bring them to a halt. Finally, though the Royal Lao Army may have 55,000 men on its rations list, it does not have the capacity to attack the trail and does not intend to try.

In other words, the military situation in Laos, far from being a cause for complacency, is of the gravest concern. Until the Ho trail can be broken south of and along the 17th parallel—which would also demand a major effort in Quang Tri Province in South Vietnam—the main force of the Vietcong seems likely to receive all the reinforcements it can support. The Vietcong may be having grievous difficulties with the American buildup, but at least its lifeline to the north is still secure.

It would be asking too much of tiny Laos to take on its much larger and aggressive North Vietnamese neighbor. But there is also a singular lack of realistic thinking in western embassies about the Ho trail. Though there is apparently no objection to ineffective bombing of the trail from Thailand, to suggest even large-scale commando operations is to see hands raised in pious protestation. This, it seems, would destroy the 1962 Geneva Agreement—as if it had not already been torn to shreds.

THE SUGGESTION has been made that Laos is now doing so well that nothing should be allowed to rock the boat. And it is true that political and economic developments are running along a course roughly parallel with the military developments.

After the coup and countercoup early in the year that resulted in the flight of the former Deputy Premier,




the rightist General Phoumi Nosavan, the political situation lost its customary unpredictability. If a new Phoumi is in the making, he has not been sighted, and for the moment the government of Prince Souvanna Phouma seems safe.

Though the July 18 elections for the National Assembly were banned by the Neo Lao Hak Xat Party (the political wing of the Pathet Lao, or, as it now calls itself, the Laotian People's Armed Forces), they went off very well. Two hundred and four candidates, many of them new to the political scene, contested the fifty-nine seats. Only fifteen of the much-shuffled pack of old-time politicians won seats, and the newcomers appear young, enthusiastic, and anxious to clean things up. With the object of preserving the fiction of a government of national union, seats were left vacant in the National Assembly for the Pathet Lao, and Prince Souphanouvong was named in absentia as Premier Souvanna Phouma's deputy and Minister of National Economy and Plan.

Souphanouvong's response was to organize his own political consultative conference, which met in October to coincide with the first session of the National Assembly in Vientiane. Souphanouvong denounced the "puppet" National Assembly and his half-brother Souvanna Phouma. He also called on the Lao people to rise in a war of national liberation and to discharge their "internationalist duty" by contributing to the defeat of U.S. imperialism.

The National Assembly session was devoted largely to the budget, the first in five years to be presented in true budget form. It envisaged an expenditure of fourteen billion kips and a deficit of eleven billion (the free-market rate of the kip is just under 500 to the dollar but the rate of 240 kip to the dollar is used in official currency conversion). Apparently the deputies hadn't fully understood that the country was completely dependent on foreign aid, and the explanation that the money would be found "somewhere" (i.e., from the United States) needed some spelling out.

### The Text of AID

This balanced discussion of serious financial matters, the approval of overdue pay raises for civil servants, and the first signs of an awareness of the responsibilities of government justify much of the short-term encouragement. The cluster village program has resulted in a modest increase in roadbuilding and some useful lessons in the use of fertilizer and co-operative village help. What has been done, however, only tends to spotlight the general neglect.

Education is one area in which progress is long overdue. When aid started to flow into the country ten years ago, the illiteracy rate was ninety per cent and it is



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not much smaller today. Thus it is immensely encouraging to discover the work of a dedicated American like Francis H. Vittetow, the educational-material adviser in the Agency for International Development. Vittetow was shocked to learn that Lao primary-school children had no textbooks. It was not just that there were no books available for distribution; they did not exist. Vittetow proceeded to create a whole textbook series covering every primary subject and has printed and distributed free (as a U.S. aid project) roughly a million copies and thirty titles. He has another sixteen titles and 600,000 copies on the presses.

I asked Viettetow why, since primary education is surely a prerequisite to any enduring development, no one had paid any attention to it before. "Other people had other ideas," he said. What ideas, other than keeping things going on an ad hoc basis, is not very clear. Even the present aid program is for the most part devoted merely to support and not to development. But unless there is a development on a scale undreamed of now, Laos must remain a permanent mendicant or else collapse as soon as its aid is withdrawn or seriously reduced.

Laos still has a barter economy, and Luang Prabang, the royal capital, does not even have a commercial bank. No one knows the gross national product. There are no railways and only one year-round road. The production of tin, the country's only significant export, could be doubled or trebled, but no one seems interested. Excluding gold, which is a two-way traffic and for which Vientiane is a clearinghouse, commercial imports for the first nine months of 1964 totaled 4.6 billion kips. Exports for the full year earned only 213 million. An ice factory, three cigarette factories, a cement factory in which some ancient equipment has been installed, and some sawmills are the lone signs of progress. To those who believe that the defeat of Communist subversion depends at least in part on the demonstration that the western way of life has more to offer than Communism, Laos is not a cheerful case study. It is a cause for serious thought, not for euphoria.

# Integration vs. Nationalism In the European Economy

C. P. KINDLEBERGER

EUROPE'S growing economic nationalism is not connected with markets for goods, or with tariff reductions and expanding trade. It is not old-fashioned protectionism. It is connected rather with factor markets: that is, with the movement of workers and the penetration of capital. There is an important difference in the economic nationalism that is concerned with goods and that which relates to factors of production, labor, and capital. In classical economics the difference between international and interregional trade was that factors of production were deemed to be mobile within countries but immobile between them. From about 1958 to 1960 the increase in factor movements in Europe had begun to convert the Continent into a "nation" in this classical sense. Today, however, this movement is being interrupted, or perhaps is even coming to an end.

While it is one thing to compete with another country's goods, it may be quite a different matter to compete with its labor, capital, and entrepreneurship on a completely equal basis. There are degrees of community, not simply one sharp break between complete community and none at all. Take, for example, Switzerland. For some years now, the Swiss have been importing labor, mainly from Italy. At the peak, thirty per cent of the total Swiss labor supply—about 700,000 out of a work force of 2.5 million—was foreign. For a while, a majority of the migrants were seasonal workers in agriculture and in the hotel trade. Gradually, however, their stays became longer and longer, until the "temporary" workers were merely ejected from the country for a few days at Christmas to emphasize their alien status.

THE ECONOMIC GROWTH of Switzerland since about 1955 has rested squarely on the availability of this foreign labor. Since the workers lived in cheap barracks and did not bring their families, there was initially no need for government investment in schools, hospitals, and housing that a population increase would have entailed. The workers constituted supply without demand. They lived as cheaply as possible, and sent back



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to Italy as large a portion of their pay as they could.

After three years, however, a foreign laborer could get permission to settle as a permanent resident. At that point he often sent for his family, and housing for married persons became tight. Swiss hospitals, and especially maternity wards, became crowded with alien mothers bearing babies entitled to Swiss citizenship. As the cantons and the Confederation had to build new schools, roads, hospitals, and housing, resentment toward the newcomers grew.

In August, 1964, the Swiss Confederation signed an agreement with Italy that cut the period of waiting for a resident permit from three years to eighteen months and let families in sooner. The reason for this official action was that the foreign workers in Switzerland were also being sought by Germany and Italy. Improving conditions in Germany and the beginnings of a return movement to Italy required Switzerland to respond competitively and to show greater friendliness toward its foreign workers. But in a referendum last February the Swiss called for a halt to the admission of foreign workers and even for a start toward the expulsion of those already in the country. The threat to the religious and linguistic balance of the Swiss national community, with its unsettling political consequences, seemed more alarming than the economic danger of losing the unskilled labor on which agriculture and certain industries depend. The Swiss had put nationalism before economic growth and even continued prosperity.

**Drainers and Drained**

By way of contrast, in Greece there is fear that emigration is ruining the nation. One can make the economic argument that emigrant remittances add to the volume of disposable savings in the community. While this money is sometimes badly invested in land or jerry-built housing, or in fishing boats for an eastern Mediterranean already overfished, it more often finds its way into the capital market and adds to the capacity of the country. Emigration also removes the surplus unemployed, as well as the disguised unemployed and underemployed, so that there is incentive for farmers and factory owners to employ labor efficiently as wages rise, and to invest capital in labor-saving machinery rather than to cling to obsolete production methods.

A final economic argument for emigration, assuming that most of the Greek men and women who leave for Germany (rather than overseas) are coming home again, is that they will get training abroad that will help Greek economic growth. It is still too soon to tell how effective this training will be. If emigrant workers merely handle pickax, crowbar, shovel, and sledge on the Bundesbahn, they will hardly contribute new skills to the Greek economy. And even if they learn to submit

to the discipline of the Volkswagen works in Wolfsburg or the Opel plant at Rüsselsheim, it is not clear whether experience in an ultramodern factory fits them for the kinds of industrial work of which Greece will be capable in the next decade.

But the main issue is not economic but political and nationalistic. Greece would rather accept a lower return for its citizens and have them remain at home. The Greek government objects that emigration takes the most energetic, the healthiest, the politically most reliable, and leaves behind the young, the old, the shiftless, the sick, and the Communists. A lesser and more directly political point is that it objects to emigration from the border provinces, which weakens the country's power to resist Communist aggression or infiltration from Yugoslavia, Albania, and Bulgaria. Recently, to counteract this manpower drain, the government has undertaken a program of overseas recruitment of emigrated nationals.

FRENCH NATIONALISM does not take the form of resisting immigration. The French welcome immigrants and want to absorb them, using them to fill the demographic gaps resulting from war and the low birth rate of the 1920's and 1930's. But the most obvious manifestation of French nationalism is the resistance to American direct investment. In this attitude, French reactions have been paralleled in somewhat less acute form by rising nationalist attitudes in Britain and even in Germany—though not, it is worth noting, in Italy. Of course, France is not the only country that has become uneasy about American direct investment. But the French go several steps further in expressing their concern, and in giving an outlet to it by positive action.

The French and other Europeans, notably the Germans, worry about the size of American corporations, their sources of finance, their technological drive, and especially their independence. All sorts of size comparisons are tossed about, based upon the *Fortune* lists of the largest American and foreign corporations. The largest European company, Volkswagen, is far down the list of the largest corporations in the world; General Motors' sales are ten times larger than the national income of the Netherlands, and its profits are several times the sales of Renault. On financing, the French use control over their narrow capital market to enforce the suggestions of the Commissariat Général au Plan, whereas the access of a foreign corporation to foreign sources of funds gives it an independence of authority that the government finds undesirable. But in fact, most American companies tumble over themselves to please the French authorities.

The technological question presents two troublesome problems: the locus of the all-important research and development, and the national interest in security questions. On the first score, the French are worried that when General Electric teams up with Machines Bull and Olivetti, the



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research will go forward in Schenectady rather than in Paris or Ivrea. On the second, the French government was understandably put out when the United States asked IBM not to sell France a computer needed for the development of its independent nuclear deterrent. To have an independent defense system, perhaps a technologically independent industry is necessary. However effective the General Electric atomic power plant at Oyster Creek, France should probably go it alone in nuclear energy, and by simple extension, in a host of other branches of modern industry in which defense is involved. In the French view, international collaboration may be necessary in certain lines, as in supersonic aircraft, but the rest should be all French.

**Reluctant Partners**

Despite this nationalistic bias, it is worth noting that most applications for permission to establish French subsidiaries or to buy into French companies are initially turned down and then ultimately granted. In one case, Libby McNeill & Libby invested in food processing in the Rhône Valley after ten ineffective years of trying to organize a French canning company; the go-ahead waited upon the face-saving conversion of the American into a European company by having Nestlé buy into it. Typically, however, the French are no more hospitable to European than to American corporations. When the Shell-Badische Anilin subsidiary in polyethylene plastics tried to establish a plant in France, it was icily reminded by the Minister of Finance that foreign corporations required permission to operate there. And at the time that General Electric was negotiating to buy Machines Bull, two European firms that could have profited from the head start which that brilliant French company had made in computer technology were frightened off by the thought that they would have been regarded as foreign corporations in France.

One movement in Europe to help meet competition from American corporations, and to frustrate take-over bids, is the domestic merger, or take-over. These have taken place in France under government suggestion or even direction. With notable exceptions—Shell-Badische Anilin in plastics, Germany's Agfa and Belgium's Gevaert in the photographic-film field, or the Citroën working arrangement with NSU of Germany to develop and produce the Wankel gas-turbine engine, with an engine plant in Germany and a chassis plant in France—the mergers are not international.

The automobile field is a critical one where corporate nationalism may hold up effective rationalization. Europe has thirty or forty automotive manufacturers in all, and some twelve to fifteen major producers. For economies of scale—perhaps in production but certainly in design, management, and distribution—these companies must be reduced in number. The national beginnings are

evident—a Citroën-Peugeot deal to make parts in common, and a Volkswagen purchase into Daimler-Benz. But it is hard to see much in the way of transnational mergers within the European Economic Community. In discussing this subject some months ago, a Fiat representative remarked to me that Fiat will never merge with a European company—it is a national monument. Nevertheless there have been recent indications that collaboration with United States interests might be welcome.

This is the point. Economic integration can go a certain distance in goods movements, and even in harmonization of excise taxes, transport charges, and the like. The next steps are common policies, and some progress has been made on these in the monetary and fiscal field. There can be success in operating common institutions, such as organs of the Common Market and their appendages. But ultimate integration awaits a sense of community.

The main question is whether the rising nationalism in Europe is a mere interruption in the progress of integration, a mark of its high tide that can be maintained, or the beginning of regression to the nationalism of the 1930's. Certainly the foreign-trade nationalism of the 1930's was totally different from and much worse than today's factor-movement nationalism. But on balance both forms of economic nationalism are expensive. Switzerland might argue that it ran grave risks of being left high and dry by foreign capital and foreign labor if it continued to support its rate of growth with foreign factors. Yet capital imports do help—even the investments of the American "monsters." And since 1959 Europe has been enjoying the best of all possible worlds, where emigration supports economic growth along the Mediterranean littoral, and immigration of the same people supports growth in the receiving countries. To cut this off would be to slow down growth and would therefore be expensive.

To be sure, there are some manifestations of economic nationalism that can be lived with. President de Gaulle's particular views on gold, for instance, are harmless and can be contained by world adjustment; nor is there a significant loss to an American corporation if it is frustrated in its entry into the French market. If the Swiss will not take the Italian workers, the Italians will have to learn to live with that condition; and if the Greeks halt emigration, West German employers will have to find another source of foreign labor.

But economic nationalism can be carried too far. If each European country should cut off its imports from its neighbor, trade would be eliminated before long. Or if every country should insist that its language be used for international meetings, we would have traveled partway back to the Tower of Babel. Even though it seems unlikely, the French attack on Anglo-Saxon monetary arrangements could still turn out to be serious for world payments and income. To lose income for prestige is one thing. To gain prestige at the expense of the rest of the world is something else again.


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# The Palace of Chance

GRAHAM GREENE

From time to time in my life I had found it necessary to provide a *curriculum vitae*. It usually began something like this: Born 1906 at Monte Carlo of British parents. Educated at the Jesuit College of the Visitation. Many prizes for Latin verse and Latin prose composition. Embarked early on a business career. . . . Of course I varied the details of that career according to the recipient of the curriculum.

What a lot too was left out or was of doubtful truth in even those opening statements. My mother was certainly not British, and to this day I am uncertain whether she was French —perhaps she was a rare Monegasque. The man she had chosen for my father left Monte Carlo before my birth. Perhaps his name was Brown. There is a ring of truth in the name Brown—she wasn't usually so modest in her choice. The last time I saw her, when she was dying in Port-au-Prince, she bore the name of the Comtesse de Lascot-Villiers. She had left Monte Carlo (and incidentally her son) hurriedly, soon after the Armistice of 1918, with my bills at the college unsettled. But the Society of Jesus is used to unsettled bills; it works assiduously on the fringe of the aristocracy where returned checks are almost as common as adulteries, and so the college continued to support me. I was a prize pupil, and it was half expected that I would prove in time to have a vocation. I even believed it myself; the sense of vocation hung around me like the *grippe*, a miasma of unreality, at a temperature below normal in the cool rational morning but a fever heat at night. As other boys fought with the demon of masturbation, I fought with faith. I find it strange to think now of my Latin verses and compositions—all that knowledge has vanished as completely as my father. Only one line has obstinately stuck in my head—a memory of the old dreams and ambitions: "*Exegi monumentum aere perennius . . .*" I said it to myself nearly forty years later when I stood, on the day of my mother's death, by the bathing pool of the Hôtel Trianon in Pétionville and looked up at the fantastic tracery of woodwork against the palms and the inky storm clouds blowing over Kenscoff. I more than half owned the place and knew that soon I would own it all. I was already in possession, a man of property. I remember thinking, "I am going to make this the most popular tourist hotel in the Caribbean," and perhaps I might have succeeded if a mad doctor had not come to power and filled our nights with the discords of violence instead of jazz.

The career of an *hôtelier* was not, as I have indicated, the one which the Jesuits had expected me to follow. That had been finally wrecked by a college performance of *Romeo and Juliet* in its very staid French translation. I was given the part of the aged Friar Laurence, and some of the lines I had to learn have remained with me to this day, I don't know why. They hardly have the ring of poetry. "*Accorde-moi de discuter sur ton état.*" Frère Laurent had the power of making even the tragedy of the star-crossed lovers prosaic. "*J'apprends que tu dois, et rien ne peut le reculer,/Etre mariée à ce comte jeudi prochain.*"

The part must have seemed to the good fathers a suitable one under the circumstances and not too exciting or exacting, but I think my vocational *grippe* was already very nearly over, and the interminable rehearsals, the continual presence of the lovers, and the sensuality of their passion, however muted by the French translator, led me to my breakout. I looked a good deal older than my age, and the dramatic director, if he could not make me an actor, had at least taught me adequately enough the


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secrets of makeup. I "borrowed" the passport of one of the young lay professors of English literature and bluffed my way one afternoon into the Casino. There, in the surprising space of forty-five minutes, due to an unlikely run of nineteens and zeros, I gained the equivalent of three hundred pounds, and only an hour later I was losing my virginity, inexpertly and unexpectedly, in a bedroom of the Hôtel de Paris.

My instructress was at least fifteen years older than myself, but in my mind she has remained always the same age, and it is I who have grown older. We met in the Casino where, seeing that I was pursued by good fortune—I had been making the bets over her shoulder—she began to lay her tokens alongside mine. If I gained that afternoon more than three hundred pounds, perhaps she gained nearly a hundred, and at that point she stopped me, counseling prudence. I am certain there was no thought of seduction in her mind. It is true that she invited me to have tea with her at the hotel, but she had seen through my disguise better than the officials of the Casino, and on the steps she turned to me like a fellow conspirator and whispered, "How did you get in?" I was no more to her, I am sure, at that moment than an adventurous child who had amused her.

I didn't even pretend. I showed her my false passport and in the bathroom of her suite she helped me to rub out the traces of makeup which on a winter's afternoon, in the light of the lamps, had passed for genuine lines. I saw Frère Laurent disappear wrinkle by wrinkle in the mirror above the shelf where lay her lotions, her eyebrow pencils, her pots of pomade. We might have been two actors sharing a dressing room.

TEA at the college was served on long tables with an urn at the end of each. Long *baguettes* of bread, three to a table, were set out with meager portions of butter and jam; the china was coarse to withstand the schoolboy clutch and the tea strong. At the Hôtel de Paris I was astonished at the fragility of the cups, the silver teapot, the little triangular savory sandwiches, the éclairs stuffed with cream. I lost my shyness. I spoke of my mother, of my Latin compositions, of *Romeo and Juliet*. Perhaps without evil intention, I quoted Catullus to show off my learning.

I cannot remember now the gradation of events which led to the first long adult kiss upon the sofa. She was married, I remember she told me, to a director of the Banque de l'Indochine and I had visions of a man ladling coins into a drawer with a brass scoop. He was at the moment on a visit to Saigon, where she suspected him of supporting a Cochinese mistress. It was not a long conversation; I was soon back at the beginning of my studies, learning a first lesson in love on a big white bed with carved pineapple bedposts, in a small white room. What a lot of details I can still remember of those hours after more than forty years. For writers it is always said that the first twenty years of life contain the

whole of experience—the rest is observation; but I think it is equally true of all of us.

An odd thing happened as we lay on the bed. She was finding me shy, frightened, difficult. Her fingers had no success, even her lips had failed their office, when into the room suddenly, from the port below the hill, flew a seagull. For a moment the room seemed spanned by the length of the white wings. She gave an exclamation of dismay and retreated: it was she who was scared now. I put out a hand to reassure her. The bird came to rest on a chest below a gold-framed looking glass and stood there regarding us on its long stilt-like legs. It seemed as completely at home in the room as a cat and at any moment I expected it to begin to clean its plumage. My new friend trembled a little with her fear, and suddenly I found myself as firm as a man and I took her with such ease and confidence it was as though we had been lovers for a long time. Neither of us during those minutes saw the seagull go, although I shall always think that I felt the current of its wings on my back as the bird sailed out again toward the port and the bay.

THAT was all there was, the victory in the Casino and in the white-and-gold room a few further triumphant minutes—the only love affair I have ever had which ended without pain or regret. For she was not even the cause of my departure from the college; that was the result of my own indiscretion in dropping into the collection bag at Mass a roulette token for five francs which I had failed to cash. I thought I was showing generosity, for my usual contribution was twenty sous, but someone spotted me and reported me to the Dean of Studies. In the interview which followed, the last vestige of my vocation was blown away. I parted from the fathers with politeness on both sides; if they felt disappointment I think they also felt a grudging respect—my exploit was not unworthy of the college. I had successfully concealed my small fortune under my mattress, and when they were assured that an uncle, on my father's side, had sent me my fare to England with promises of future support and a position in his firm, they relinquished me without regret. I told them that I would repay my mother's debt as soon as I had earned enough (a promise they accepted with a little embarrassment because they obviously doubted whether it would ever be fulfilled), and I assured them too that I would certainly get in touch with a certain Father Thomas Capriole S.J. at Farm Street, an old friend of the Rector's (a promise which they believed I might keep). As for the notional uncle's letter, it had been a very easy one to compose. If I could deceive the Casino authorities I had no fear of failing with the Fathers of the Visitation, and not one of them thought of demanding to see the envelope. I set out to England by the international express which halts at the little station below the Casino. It was my last sight of the baroque towers that had dominated my childhood—a vision of grown-up life, the palace of chance, where anything at all might happen, as I had well enough proved.


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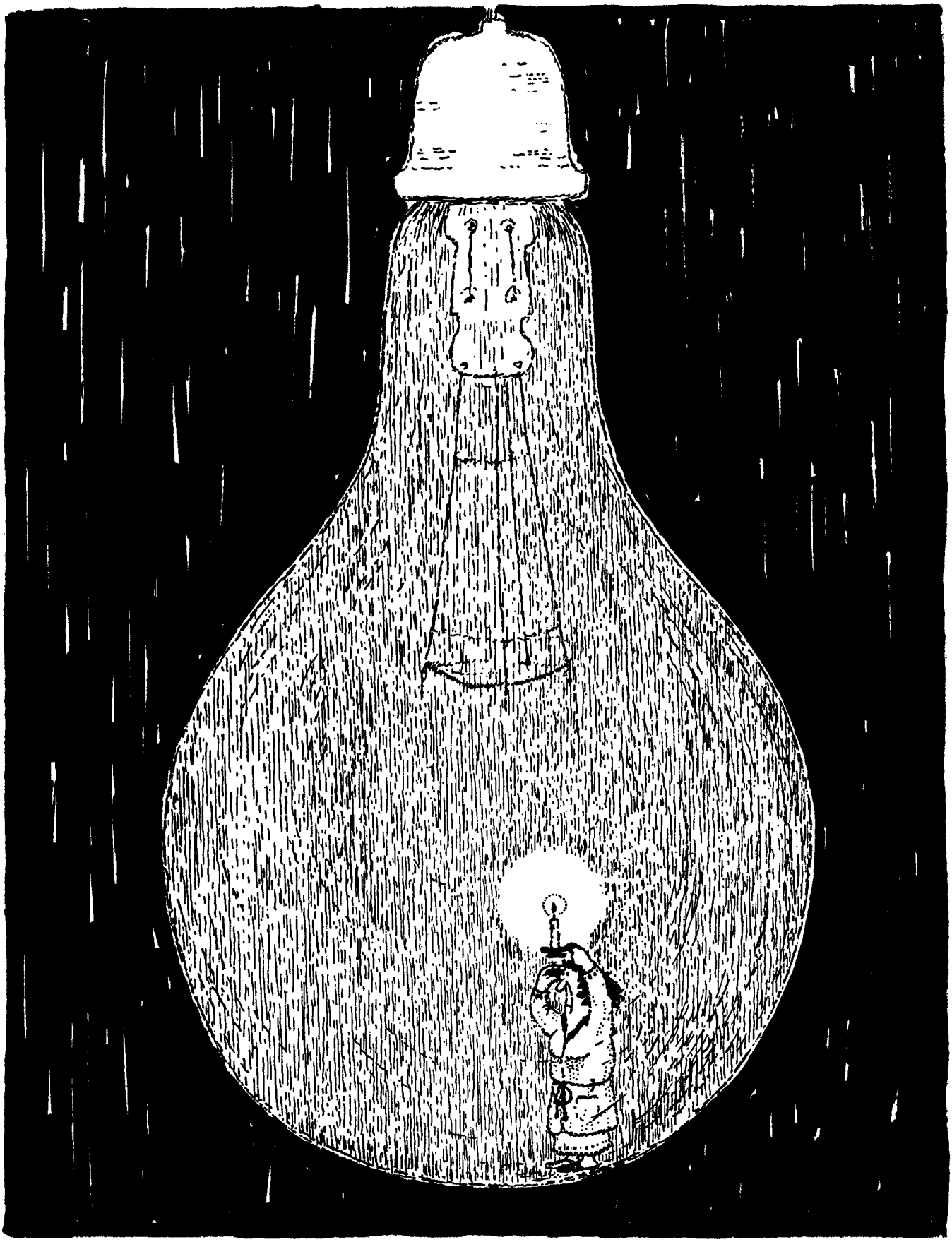

By Fernando Krahn

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# Death and the Law In Bena Kanyoka

DAVID A. McLEAN

In April, 1960, I was itinerating as a missionary in the Bena Kanyoka territory near the administrative post of Mwene Ditu deep in the heart of Kasai Province in what was still the Belgian Congo. Late one evening a friend came to my hut and told me that in a certain village of workmen who had been brought in to harvest palm nuts, there was to be a séance of divination the next afternoon and that the diviner had given his permission for me to observe it. The village was less than twenty miles away, and I reached it about noon after walking the last five miles through a thick grove of palm trees. I soon learned that the villagers had suffered the loss of many children and that their animals were not reproducing and many were dying and that the crops were failing. The time had come for them to determine who was causing these misfortunes.

The diviner and his assistant had arrived the previous day. He had been given a new hut and, after meeting the chieftain and hearing the situation, had received his fee of 3,050 francs (about $60) and retired to his hut to fast and ready himself for the séance the next day. His assistant evidently did not need this ritual preparation: he ate with the chieftain and his elders.

At three in the afternoon the diviner emerged from his hut clad in a white sarong with the skin of a colubus monkey suspended from his belt. He had seed bells around his ankle and a string of mintundu beads about his neck. Attached to these beads was a goat horn filled with magical substance. His face and chest were streaked with white chalk. In one hand he carried an antelope horn, also containing a magical substance, into which a smaller hollow horn had been inserted; it made a whistling sound, and was used in summoning ancestral spirits to hear the requests of the petitioner. In the other hand he carried a piece of chalk that had been given to him by the priest of the village the previous day as a symbol that he was permitted to perform his ritual tasks in the village, that is to say, to call up their ancestors.

His assistant brought a tall drum and placed it in the center of the chieftain's yard. The village people formed a circle with the drum in the approximate center. The diviner said in a booming voice, "Everyone sit and be quiet." Everyone sat quietly, in a mood of expectation. This same feeling came over me. The diviner gave the objects in his hands to his assistant and began beating his drum. After about three minutes he stopped and cried out, "Choose a woman we can send to your ancestors." It was explained to me afterwards that he could call their ancestors and they would come but that he was unable to talk to them because he was of a different clan. The chieftain sent four of his wives into the circle, and the diviner talked to each for about five minutes before selecting one whom I shall call Sanga, the first or chief wife.

He then gave Sanga some meat to hold in one hand so that she would not be required to eat the food of the ancestral spirits and be obligated to remain with them. For the other hand he gave her the double horn, which he asked her to blow for about two minutes while he looked intently into her eyes. When the whistling of the horn ceased, he led her into the center of the circle. The assistant retired to the edge of the circle and seated himself with the crowd. The diviner began to beat his drum, slowly at first with a beat that caused Sanga to start swaying. The tempo increased until Sanga was dancing with every muscle in her body; only her feet did not move. It was an extraordinary exhibition of perfect rhythm. One would not expect to see a woman of fifty with long flat breasts dance with such abstract and sexless feeling and depth. After fifteen minutes the music reached a climax and Sanga collapsed gracefully to the ground. Her legs seemed to give way and she landed on her buttocks and then lay on her back.

The diviner went over and picked her up and placed her on a mat approximately five yards in front of the chieftain and ten yards from the diviner's drum; she lay about five yards away from me. He then covered her with another mat. Those of us sitting close by could see her under the mat, with her outstretched hand holding the horn; at no time did anyone come close enough to touch her. The diviner returned to his drum and beat it very quietly. Sanga began to chatter about the dead. I could not understand what she was saying, though I heard her perfectly. The chieftain later told me that she was talking in archaic Tshiluba.

Suddenly she began to wail, "Stop hitting me, Kabonga," calling out the name of the dead child of her husband's second wife. There was no movement under the mat. The diviner continued beating his drums quietly, oblivious to all around him. Perhaps thirty minutes later he took the double horn still clutched in Sanga's hand and started blowing it to call her back from the ancestral spirits, but she did not move. He removed the mat and abruptly moved back, as if stunned. The chieftain



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went over to look at Sanga and I followed him. Her nose was completely crushed and the supraorbital ridge above her eyes was like pulp. Sanga died an hour later. The chieftain and his followers were less concerned over her than they were about Kabonga. That night they disinterred his bones and burned them.

One of the conditions under which I was permitted to observe the séance was that I was to reveal no names. Other than that there were no restrictions placed on me. After the crowd had dispersed, I spoke to the diviner and found him to be a very frightened man. "Pastor," he said, "nothing like this has ever happened to me before and I have divined more than a thousand times." He was in a hurry to leave. "What is your divining power?" I asked. "My divining power is my eye," he answered. "I can see deep into the spirit world." He did not give me an opportunity to ask any more questions.

After he left, I spoke to the chieftain and told him that I would have to report this séance to the authorities, but that since I was under oath to give no names, I would leave the investigation up to them. The chieftain understood my position and agreed immediately. That afternoon I went by the administrator's office and reported what I had seen, telling him that I was unable to give the name of the diviner, and truly I did not know it.

He reached up to a shelf behind him and pulled out his legal bible, *The Code and Laws of the Belgian Congo.* "Pastor," he said, "let me read you what this book has to say about what you have seen.

"*Les Codes et Lois du Congo Belge, 1934 Code Pénal, Livre Deuxième,* page 721, Section 68, Superstitious Ordeals and Barbarous Practices, states: 'The authors of all superstitious ordeals consisting of causing a person to submit, with his consent or by force, to physical harm, real or imagined, with a view to deduce from the produced effect the imputability of an act or an event, or any other conclusion... will be punished by penal servitude of one to two years and by a fine of twenty-five to two hundred francs, or only one of these penalties.

" 'If the ordeal has caused illness or has incapacitated the person for work, or if it has resulted in the loss of the complete use of an organ or a serious mutilation, the authors will be punished by penal servitude of two months to twenty years, and by a fine of one hundred to two thousand francs, or by only one of these penalties.

" 'Section 69. . . . The person who has consented to submit to the physical harm caused by the ordeal . . . is not considered an author or an accomplice.' "

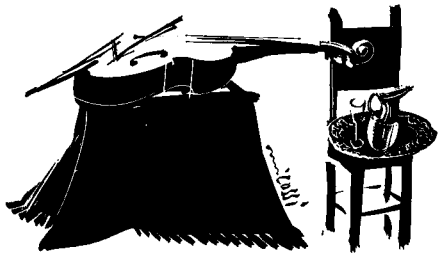
Then the administrator turned to me and asked, "In your understanding of anthropology, would you consider this an ordeal?"

"No," I replied. "The woman was not trying to establish her responsibility for any act or event."

"Would you be willing to testify that this diviner caused the woman's death?"

"No," I replied.

"Then, Pastor, according to our laws, what you observed just did not happen."



# To Awake in Paradise

**ROLAND GELATT**

In the thirty-one years of his life, Franz Schubert composed nine symphonies, of which one (No. 7) exists only in rough sketch and another (No. 8) was left unfinished. Unlike the nine by Beethoven, they do not cut a very imposing swath in the standard concert-hall repertoire. Six of the extant eight date from before the composer's twenty-first birthday and are generally dismissed as slender efforts, charming but derivative. The prevailing view defines Schubert as a promising symphonist who died just as he was getting into stride with the "Unfinished" and the "Great" C Major (No. 9).

Fortunately, we have the phonograph as a corrective to this somewhat misleading summation. Far from being mere harbingers of unfulfilled promise, the Schubert symphonies are vividly accomplished works of art in themselves. It is dangerous to correlate their worth with the composer's age at the time of composition. Like many other short-lived creators—one thinks of Keats, Raphael, Van Gogh—Schubert seemed to work on an accelerated time schedule, as if under some subconscious compulsion to get everything down as quickly as possible. His career, indeed, lends at least some substance to the determinist theory which holds that a genius who dies young has already accomplished the lifework ordained by providence. You can punch a lot of holes in this fatalistic philosophy of artistic creation (what if Schubert had not slept with a syphilitic whore, what if he had lived in the age of penicillin, etc., etc.?), but a germ of truth resides in it. Compared for example to the long-lived Haydn, whose symphonic achievements at the age of thirty-one were negligible, Schubert was fabulously precocious.

Except for the nondescript First, written at the age of sixteen while he was still a pupil in a Viennese seminary, the symphonies are all intensely and inimitably Schubertian. In the Second, dated a mere fourteen months after the First, Schubert already had found his voice.

Nobody else could have achieved that unique blend of naïveté and sparkling joy conveyed by the soaring melodies of its opening movement, nor have sent a theme and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variations on their way with the soft enchantment of its Andante. Neither here nor in the four symphonies that follow do we detect any evidence of discomfiting apprenticeship. To be sure, there are times when the attention may begin to wander, patches where the young composer takes the easy way out and repeats a thought rather than altering it wittingly in the manner of Mozart, but it is not long before he ensnares his listener again with a tune so engagingly apropos that all defenses tumble. And when he is in top form—as in the Andante of the Fourth, with its ravishing modulations and honeyed scoring—the spell is like nothing else in the realm of music. When Stravinsky was asked whether Schubert's prolixities sent him to sleep, he replied, "What does it matter if, when I awake, it seems to me that I am in paradise?"

THIS FALL for the first time we have an integral recorded edition of the complete Schubert symphonies (RCA Victor LM/LSC 6709, five discs), performed by Denis Vaughan and the Orchestra of Naples, a *nom de disque* for an ensemble of young instrumentalists better known as the Alessandro Scarlatti Orchestra. The set is absolutely marvelous. Vaughan is an Australian in his late thirties who started out as an instrumentalist in Beecham's Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, moved on to become Sir Thomas's assistant conductor, and later settled in Italy.

A few years ago he made international headlines by calling attention to some glaring discrepancies between the manuscripts and printed scores of Verdi's operas, revelations which brought him into conflict with the publishing house of Ricordi and which eventually resulted in a loosening of Ricordi's stranglehold on the Verdi archives. This publicity tended to cast Vaughan in the role of crusading musicologist and to establish him in our minds as a passionate proponent of uncorrupted texts rather than as an interpretive artist. But his recording of the Schubert symphonies shows that we have been putting Vaughan in the wrong category. He is, at least on the evidence here, a superbly talented conductor.

There are textual problems in Schubert as well as in Verdi, and it is entirely consonant with Vaughan's predilections that he has gone back to manuscript sources instead of relying on erroneous printed scores. The discrepancies he has uncovered are not so much a matter of wrong notes as of wrong expression marks. Attacks that the composer meant to be accented are often printed instead with a diminuendo mark. The effect has been to encourage an easy-going tradition in the interpretation of the symphonies, but in the new recordings Vaughan reasserts Schubert's more vigorous intentions.

To the casual ear, however, his cleaning up of accents and phrasings makes less of an impression than his beguiling command of the essential Schubertian lilt and grace. Vaughan is a true Beecham disciple in that he can insinuate the snap and curve of a phrase without falling into overstatement, and can flex the line while staying clear of outright distortion or sentimentality. And although he favors the lean sound and crystal textures typical of many young conductors (even in the "Great" C Major his orchestra numbers only forty-eight players), he is not one of those superefficient organization men who are all technique and no heart. This Schubert is pregnant with both wit and warmth.

Occasionally his instrumentalists are less than ideal. The oboist

# The Turkey

I have not known enough, perhaps, of dove or nightingale
But the turkey is aboriginal of my country,
Hiding an Indian's head in his broad tail.

Unwieldy, thus, he hoards the sanguine past—
With hood and neck of a scalded serpent,
He guards raw meat, his body like a murderer's chest.

It seems the best of luck that he is grounded
For a whole story might fall from his wings
And the air rain flints or tomahawks impounded.

When the wind catches his fan, the ghost of a scout
Wavers uneasily under a ruffled war bonnet,
Trapped on earth too low for any last lookout.

So the bird, I know, is like a gaudy catafalque.
If you should carry a secret hump upon your back,
You, too, would have a burdened and uncertain walk.

This is what it is to spread an image in the sun—
This is how we teach thick, precarious balance as if the land
moved like a ship
And one set sail heavily, slowly, encumbered with imagination.

—CHARLES EDWARD EATON


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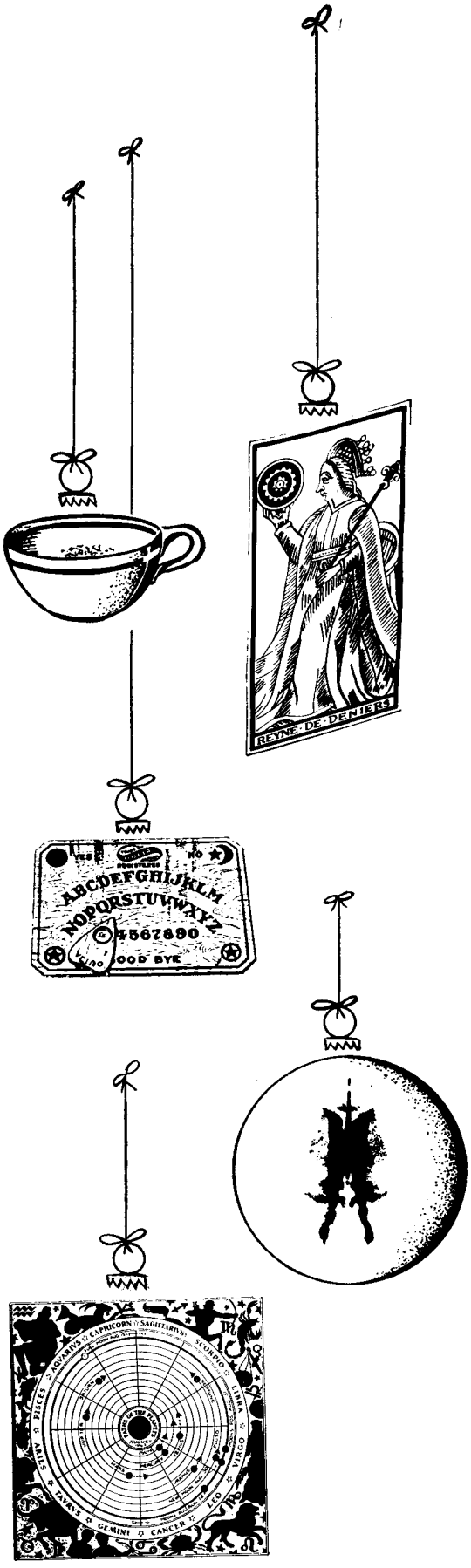


If you can't figure out what your hard-to-please friends might like for Christmas . . .

**You can consult a ouija board . . .**

**turn over Tarot cards . . .**

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in particular disappoints (one misses the piquant bite and jaunty ornaments of Beecham's Terence MacDonaugh), and the violins fall short of the ultimate in glinty polish. But the cello section is wonderful (the famous tune in the "Unfinished" has never sounded more chastely sculptured), and the horns, so vital in the Ninth, are both burnished and dependable. You will not want to part with your Beecham recording of No. 3 or your Furtwängler of No. 9, but as an integral representation this set maintains a remarkably high level, and the stereo engineering is faultless.

Perhaps the most newsworthy aspect of the set is Vaughan's attempt to finish the "Unfinished." It is not generally realized that part of the symphony's third movement has survived—the first nine bars fully orchestrated, the rest (except for the conclusion of the Trio, which is missing altogether) sketched out for piano. Some authorities consider the theme of the Scherzo fragment unworthy of what has gone before, but this was not the opinion of Donald Francis Tovey, who observed that "everyone who knows a good theme when he sees it will be pleased and tantalized" by it, and it is not the opinion of Denis Vaughan, who is convinced that the movement genuinely "belongs."

His realization is certainly in proper Schubertian style, and I have found that its merry tune sticks engagingly in the memory, but whether the "Unfinished" will really seem right with this new extra movement only repeated hearings can tell. Vaughan's original intention, by the way, was to use the Entr'acte in B minor from the *Rosamunde* music as a final movement, but this proved too much to cram onto the record—a pity, since the symphony now ends on a rather inconclusive note.

BOOKS

# The Troubles of a Golden Age

ANTHONY WEST

ASQUITH, by Roy Jenkins. *Chilmark. $7.95.*

For reasons best known to its publishers, this full-dress biography of a great English Prime Minister by a member of the present government has been given a high-camp jacket featuring one of those squashy and invertebrate typefaces beloved by the more vulgar and silly French poster designers round about 1910. Few human beings of his time can have had less to do with the world that produced these chi-chi parodies of the feeble Art Nouveau style. Asquith, so far as he can be placed, was a Balliol man of the 1870's, a classical scholar with an interest in eighteenth-century letters and anything but an up-to-the-minute Edwardian. He is one of those bridge characters whose careers link historic periods, and whose achievements are at first hard to recognize because their social function is to play a leading role in the liquidation of the social order that produced them and to assist in the establishment of a new order in which, if they survive, they can only be irrelevant.

ASQUITH, who seems as remote as the Caesars in the world of Lyndon Johnson and Mao Tse-tung, died only thirty-seven years ago. But he participated in England's first trial of democracy. He was fifteen when Disraeli "dished the Whigs" with the Reform Bill of 1867, which doubled the size of the electorate by giving the vote to one in three of the country's adult males, and he was in his second year at Oxford in 1872 when the secret ballot came into use in English elections. He won a seat in the House in the first elections to be held after Gladstone's Reform Bill of 1884 had given England a close approximation to manhood suffrage (it denied the franchise only to domestic servants, bachelors living with their parents, and persons of no fixed abode).

It is hard to realize now how revolutionary and dangerous an advance this seemed to a generation of English Conservatives accustomed to thinking of social responsibility as a function of property ownership. The tone of their apprehensions is caught in an exchange of letters in 1889, in which W. H. Smith, the proprietor of the railway bookstalls and a Conservative minister, and his chief, Lord Salisbury, appeared to be having some kind of contest in pessimism:

"The extension of the suffrage," wrote Smith, "has brought us face to face with the most grave possibilities. It has made the extreme Radicals masters of the Liberal Party, and men support a policy now from which they would have shrunk with horror ten years ago. There is also this strange uncertainty in the English mind to be taken into account. Men who are strictly honest in their transactions with their neighbours have come to regard Parliament as an instrument by which a transfer of rights and property may equitably be made from the few to the many."

Salisbury hews to the same line:

"I agree in all you say as to the gravity of our present condition. We are in a state of bloodless civil war. No common principles, nor respect for common institutions or traditions, unite the various groups of politicians who are struggling for power. To loot somebody or something is the common object. . . ."

The thought behind these complaints, that the introduction of manhood suffrage had made the parliamentary system unworkable, or at least so potentially dangerous to the interests of property owners that it might be necessary to find some alternative to it, crystallized, in the Stendhalian sense, on the question of Irish Home Rule. This was, first and foremost, a matter of property, turning on the point that ten million of the fifteen million acres of



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arable land in Ireland were owned by fewer than seven hundred and fifty persons, all of them English and most of them absentees who rarely if ever set foot on their properties or in the country.

This situation had led Disraeli to declare, in 1844, that it was the duty of any English minister responsible for the government of Ireland "to effect by his policy all those changes which a revolution would effect by force." Disraeli subsequently learned that his solution to the Irish problem was inadmissible, since legislation to effect a redistribution of landed property was the one thing that the Conservative Party would never in any circumstances accept. Gladstone learned the same thing after 1868, and his attempts to win a passage for his various Irish land bills in the British Parliament convinced him that it would be necessary to create an Irish Parliament to solve the problem.

THE CONSERVATIVES were alert enough to realize that Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule was functional, and that it was a flank march toward the goal of a redistribution of Irish land. They thus made opposition to Home Rule the center of their policies. It was, from the point of view of practical politics, a God-given issue, since it allowed the defense of economic privilege to be carried on as if it was a matter of the highest patriotism—the preservation of the integrity of the realm. It also allowed the Conservatives to tap the strong vein of ethnic and religious bigotry that lay unpleasantly close to the surface of Victorian English popular opinion.

It was, with a kind of perverse genius, made to appear that the core of the Conservative objection to Home Rule for Ireland was that it would place the loyal Protestant minority in Ulster, "our own kith and kin," at the mercy of the Roman Catholic Irish. England only began to provide the children of the poor with free education after 1870, and this to children up to the age of twelve. The English masses had no secondary or high-school education until after 1902. The Conservatives thus had a large pool of vulgar prejudice to dabble in when they wished to.

As Asquith's career followed its upward course, the hour for the inevitable showdown slowly grew closer. He was Gladstone's Home Secretary in 1892 when the Conservatives showed their intention of nullifying the effects of the introduction of manhood suffrage by reviving the dormant veto powers of the House of Lords. They used them with brutal frankness when they turned out an enormous number of backwoods peers on September 8, 1893, to throw out a Home Rule bill that had completed its long passage through the House on September 2. This event showed quite plainly that the Conservatives did not intend to respect either a parliamentary majority or the verdict of an appeal to the electorate when they considered that their vital interests were being encroached upon.

It also determined the main outlines of Asquith's subsequent career.

He reached the top and became Prime Minister at the culminating point of a long-drawn-out Liberal campaign designed to convince the public at large that reform of the House of Lords was an urgent necessity, and it fell to him to conduct the most intense and violent parliamentary battle in English history to accomplish it. He handled the matter with consummate skill and statesmanship in the House of Commons and in the country, pulling off the feat of fighting and winning two general elections within a year in 1910. He then tackled, with extraordinary courage and resourcefulness, the problem of forcing the House of Lords to consent to its own disarmament, a feat that he accomplished between May and August, 1911.

For tension and violence of feeling, the crises over Munich and Suez were mild compared with the continuing constitutional crisis of 1909-1911, in which Asquith coolly and blandly carried through the first stage of the revolution by consent that made English democracy a reality.

He was not content with securing the form alone, however, and in April, 1912, he introduced an Irish Home Rule bill and revived the crucial issue, which had been on ice since 1893. The Parliament Act of 1911 provided that any measure would become law regardless of the veto of the House of Lords if passed in three successive sessions of the Commons with a minimum lapse of two years between its first introduction and final passage. The Lords had agreed, in the belief that no party leader would be able to control a majority on such a controversial issue while this series of hurdles was cleared. Asquith took up the challenge in 1912 and in the course of the following two years put the measure through the works three times, so demonstrating once and for all that the House of Commons was supreme, and that the day of the hereditary legislator had gone for good.

THE UNIQUE nature of Asquith's achievement can be judged from the straits to which Bonar Law, the leader of the Conservative opposition, was reduced in opposing his Home Rule bill. At a great meeting of the Conservative Right on the grounds of the Duke of Marlborough's Blenheim Palace in July, 1912, Law referred to Asquith's legally elected government as a "revolutionary committee which has seized upon despotic power by fraud." He went on to say:

"In our opposition to them we shall not be guided by the considerations or bound by the restraints which would influence us in an ordinary constitutional struggle. We shall take the means, whatever means seem to us most effective, to deprive them of the despotic power which they have usurped and compel them to appeal to the people they have deceived. They may, perhaps they will, carry their Home Rule bill through the House of Commons, but what then? I said the other day in the House of Commons and I repeat here that there are things stronger than parliamentary majorities."

This marked the beginning of an


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extraordinary war of nerves in which the government led by Asquith had of necessity to behave as if the parliamentary system were working in the normal way while the opposition was doing its best to make it break down. The Conservatives' strategy was to carry preparations for civil war in Ireland to such a point that the government would be forced to call on the armed forces to support the civil power. In that event the officers of the army, who were predominantly Conservative, could be relied upon to refuse to carry out any orders that they might receive. It would then be clear that the government was not in control of the police powers of the state and it would be forced to resign, despite its possession of a secure parliamentary majority.

In pursuit of this program, the Conservatives conducted a prolonged flirtation with treason in a remarkably open fashion. Lord Roberts, for instance, the Bobs of Kipling's Boer War poems, carried on from the writing room of his club a lengthy correspondence with the various British officers who were to train the rebel army, using the club paper and signing his name in full. Lord Winterton placed advertisements in the papers inviting officers with South African experience to join the Boer-type commandos he was training and equipping on his estate. By the end of 1913, General Sir George Richardson had whipped the Conservative army in Ulster into shape so that it could parade about a hundred thousand men organized as infantry and light cavalry. To disregard these provocations and to leave the revolutionary initiative in the hands of the sinister figures (such as Lord Milner, Lord Halifax, L. S. Amery, Geoffrey Dawson, and other appeasers of the future) who began to play an increasingly important role in the game took iron nerve, but Asquith had it.

As Roy Jenkins points out, there was a reckless streak in his makeup that made him a cool gambler. He had an intuition that the longer the Conservative Party as a whole was given to think about the consequences of destroying the basis of parliamentary government, the less the likelihood that it would follow out the extremist program. His policy of masterly inactivity made many of his followers, particularly Winston Churchill, extremely impatient, but when the "mutiny" at Curragh in March, 1914, had shown the country what the spectacle of a junta of cavalry officers dictating to the government was like, the resulting wave of doubt and disquiet among the moderate Conservatives proved that it was the right one to follow.

Doubt and disquiet became disgust on April 24, when the Conservative storm troops in Ulster seized the ports of Larne, Donaghadee, and Bangor in order to bring ashore a huge cargo of German machine guns, rifles, and ammunition. The source of these weapons gave even some of the extremists cause to falter: bluffing the government with a show of force was one thing, but fighting a civil war with arms from an ambiguous foreign source was quite another. By July the extremists were isolated and the Conservative leadership was sullenly trying to find a face-saving formula that would permit it to retreat and accept a compromise. Asquith's gamble had succeeded and the parliamentary system had survived.

He would be remembered today as one of the great Prime Ministers, if the immediate sequel had not been the outbreak of the First World War. Asquith was exhausted by handling two major crises, and his resilience and powers of decision were depleted. He made an ineffective war leader largely because he insisted on retaining the normal degree of parliamentary control over the executive in an emergency situation that called for special procedures. He was brushed aside in 1916 in circumstances that made it possible for his enemies to saddle him with a large measure of responsibility for all the disasters of the first two years of the war. He is thus remembered as a soft, weak man who failed the country in its hour of need, an impression that is strengthened by his failure to hold the disintegrating Liberal Party together at the end of the war.

It was no fault of his that the party had exhausted its historic role, but since he was leading it when it fell apart, the quality of his leadership was inevitably called in question. Those who remember the 1920's re-

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# THE REPORTER Puzzle

## Acrostickler® No. 136

**by HENRY ALLEN**

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A
180 58 39 96 46 175 37 A part of prosody.

B
25 171 14 34 55 159 182 16 Liable to be brought to account or judgment.

C
143 184 28 2 32 21 48 A yellow insoluble coloring matter extracted from yellow flowers.

D
92 126 4 222 208 210 18 "Look, here's the _____, Claudio, for thy death." Shakespeare, "Measure for Measure."

E
9 98 201 62 152 World-weariness.

F
134 203 122 194 198 166 "...like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her____ but one." Shakespeare, "I Henry IV."

G
150 83 219 The position of the ball in golf.

H
23 187 42 212 30 106 A bicycle built for two.

I
51 60 76 114 104 67 "Stop up the____ and passage to remorse." Shakespeare, "Macbeth."

J
157 214 12 90 Specimens of the genus Taxus.

K
178 44 196 192 112 205 100 Drawing or delineating.

L
168 53 217 136 173 69 "Each ___ of the hunted hare / A fibre from the brain does tear." Blake, "Auguries of Innocence."

M
7 128 74 120 189 130 164 224 "Love is a circle that doth____move." Herrick, "Love What It Is."

**Solution to**

**Puzzle #135**

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | P | | G | O | L | D | E | N | B | O | Y | | M | |
| M | I | C | A | | I | | R | | L | | E | M | I | T |
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| S | O | I | L | | N | | I | | T | | T | H | I | S |
| | T | | O | R | I | E | N | T | A | T | E | | C | |
| A | S | O | P | | N | | E | | N | | R | A | S | H |
| M | | | I | N | G | E | | S | T | U | D | | | A |
| B | O | R | N | | | | | | | | A | F | A | R |
| E | | | G | R | A | Y | | P | I | T | Y | | | E |
| R | I | N | G | | N | | S | | N | | S | I | A | M |
| | S | | H | E | A | L | T | H | F | U | L | | L | |
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| | D | | S | A | S | S | E | N | A | C | H | | S | |

**Acrostician—**

SAMMY DAVIS

DIRECTIONS

*1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.*
*2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.*
*3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person:* the Acrostician.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 C | 3 | 4 D | 5 | ■ | 7 M | ■ | 9 E | ■ | 11 | 12 J | 13 | 14 B | 15 |
| 16 B | ■ | 18 D | ■ | 20 | 21 C | 22 | 23 H | 24 | 25 B | 26 | ■ | 28 C | ■ | 30 H |
| 31 | 32 C | 33 | 34 B | 35 | ■ | 37 A | ■ | 39 A | ■ | 41 | 42 H | 43 | 44 K | 45 |
| 46 A | ■ | 48 C | ■ | 50 | 51 I | 52 | 53 L | 54 | 55 B | 56 | ■ | 58 A | ■ | 60 I |
| 61 | 62 E | 63 | 64 | 65 | ■ | 67 I | ■ | 69 L | ■ | 71 | 72 | 73 | 74 M | 75 |
| 76 I | ■ | 78 | 79 | 80 | 81 | ■ | 83 G | ■ | 85 | 86 | 87 | 88 | ■ | 90 J |
| 91 | 92 D | 93 | 94 | ■ | 96 A | ■ | 98 E | ■ | 100 K | ■ | 102 | 103 | 104 I | 105 |
| 106 H | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | 111 | 112 K | 113 | 114 I | 115 | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | 120 M |
| 121 | 122 F | 123 | 124 | ■ | 126 D | ■ | 128 M | ■ | 130 M | ■ | 132 | 133 | 134 F | 135 |
| 136 L | ■ | 138 | 139 | 140 | 141 | ■ | 143 C | ■ | 145 | 146 | 147 | 148 | ■ | 150 G |
| 151 | 152 E | 153 | 154 | 155 | ■ | 157 J | ■ | 159 B | ■ | 161 | 162 | 163 | 164 M | 165 |
| 166 F | ■ | 168 L | ■ | 170 | 171 B | 172 | 173 L | 174 | 175 A | 176 | ■ | 178 K | ■ | 180 A |
| 181 | 182 B | 183 | 184 C | 185 | ■ | 187 H | ■ | 189 M | ■ | 191 | 192 K | 193 | 194 F | 195 |
| 196 K | ■ | 198 F | ■ | 200 | 201 E | 202 | 203 F | 204 | 205 K | 206 | ■ | 208 D | ■ | 210 D |
| 211 | 212 H | 213 | 214 J | 215 | ■ | 217 L | ■ | 219 G | ■ | 221 | 222 D | 223 | 224 M | 225 |

ACROSS

1. To gaze steadily at Latin things may bring tears to the eyes.
11. Cries and weeps to clear a channel.
20. The former area of the Acrostician's responsibility.
31. We put her in this river.
41. We also put qid in this country.
50. That's as it should be according to physical laws.
61. It's often tough to do what you should.
71. A wise man or a seer would rub it out.
78. Here we have a new slant on the roster.
85. Close the door! There's a stench.
91. Do we change whenever due?
102. Being that one sees lying around.
111. Duck down quickly.
121. The news clipping made me do it.
132. Synonym for 78 across throws a little light on it.
138. The kind of love that sent us home.
145. A kind of land where the tax is sort of free.
151. The contradiction in an insecticide is a verbal contraction.
161. The contract that can please without a low order.
170. The land of the Acrostician's allegiance.
181. Ever in the old manner.
191. Tie the United Nations together.
200. American flags for naval officers.
211. For the minister the soft drink was laid on.
221. Rents to this German boy.

DOWN

1. A play or a cosmic dream I changed (5-5, 5).
3. Feeling nervous excitement about the French giant.
5. In the South East five and ten can cast their shadows before.
7. Rhythmic silence may bring repose or even support.
9. Admission that yet needs a small number.
11. He was misled but grimaced thus.
13. Charms that come facial features follow the *termination*.
15. The consummation devoutly to be wished in 20 across (5,10).
64. Stayed out of sight in both idioms.
72. Edible eggs are no transport to error.
81. Pay the bill for everyone after the feast.
83. It's a kind of finger and a special kind of 78 across.
85. Gores those terrible creatures.
123. Set up funds; done first and married later.
124. A crew of the same number.
132. The digit that precedes the mark.
133. A fine___hand has both an eye and a tail.
140. Remained behind on the day set.
146. It might be part of 15 down and only lace to us.
157. As yet we see why in the east it raises dough.
159. What is waste to the sailor seems big to the French.

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call him as bland, slack, and irrelevant. The time had gone by in which a middle-class progressive party was needed to play a paternal role in relation to a politically inexperienced working class, and another had come in which the Conservatives, now representing ownership and management and not landed property, would be confronted by the party of labor.

Roy Jenkins tells the story of this remarkable man and his political achievements from the standpoint of an observer who knows Parliament and its procedures and the arcana of the parliamentary game. The book has thus a double value as a fascinating analysis of an influential career and as an authoritative study of a unique period of evolutionary change in English politics. It cannot, in candor, be recommended to anyone who is not predisposed to be interested in history and politics, but those who are will find it a rewarding introduction to the realities of what has for inexplicable reasons come to be thought of as a golden age without problems or anxieties.

# Enlightenment's Evangel

**JOHN WILLIAM WARD**

POOR RICHARD'S POLITICKS: BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND HIS NEW AMERICAN ORDER, by Paul W. Conner. *Oxford. $6.50.*

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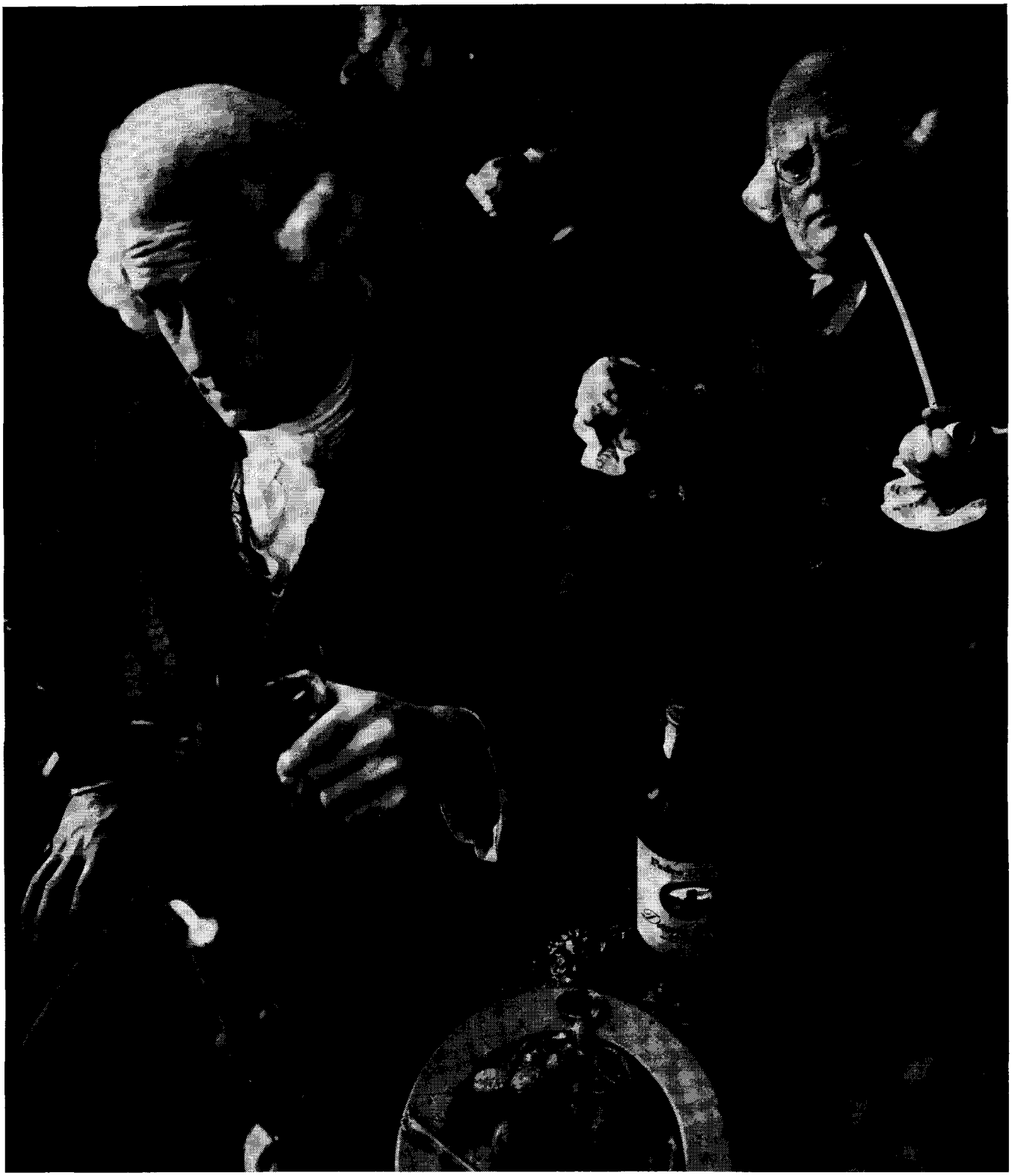

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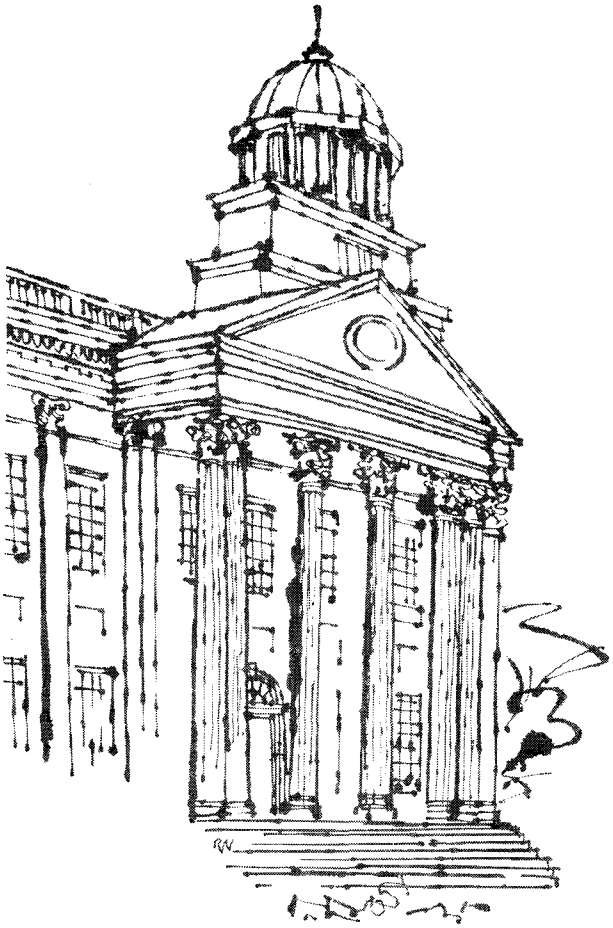

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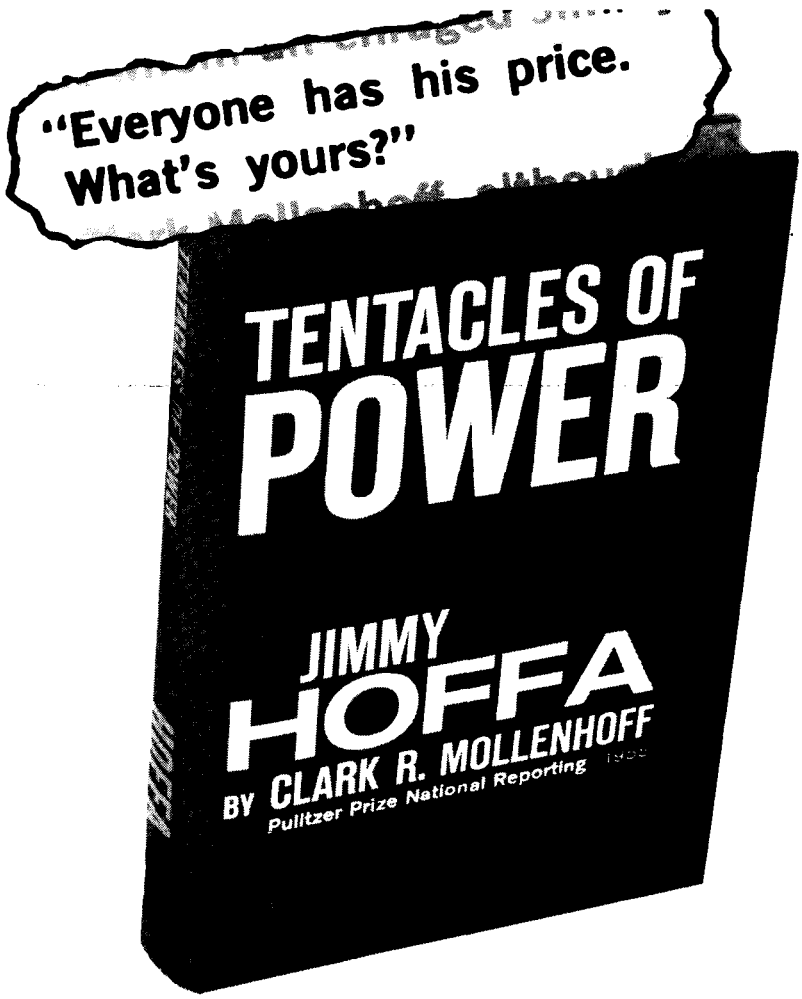
fallen the political thought of Benjamin Franklin. The embodiment of an age which valued unity and system, America's evangel of the Enlightenment has been shredded and dissected until one suspects that whatever intellectual coherence the man retains is due to scholarly oversight."

The specialized bent of modern scholarship surely bears some of the blame, but the consequence derives as much from Franklin himself. He was, as the title of one book about him has it, "many-sided," and the only generalization that will catch him is one that embraces contradictions. An eminently reasonable man, Franklin maintained a deep skepticism about the efficacy of reason; a model of the ethic of hard work, he kept his shop only until it kept him, and retired at forty-two; a cautious and prudent man, he was a revolutionist; a man with a sharp eye always to his own self-advancement in the world, he spent most of his life in the service of others.

Franklin seems to have contained such tensions with complete and untroubled serenity. But it is small wonder that scholars have had so hard a time discovering unity in so protean a personality. Start on the trail of any one quality in Franklin and you quickly arrive at its opposite, as Conner's own statement that he was the "evangel of the Enlightenment" implies. With that epithet we suspect that he is in competent hands, and so it turns out. Conner has a bright eye and a puckish touch. (He deals off one of the kings in his deck of academic sources with a flick of the wrist: "A Parson Weems with *footnotes*.")

Conner calls his book a study of Franklin's "politicks," but inevitably it becomes more than that. Franklin left us no major statement of his ideas on politics, and one must survey his many writings and abstract from them the general attitude that lurks only in the particular. So, for example, Franklin's tongue-in-cheek defense of "Miss Polly Baker" and her five bastard children is "political" for Conner because it bears upon Franklin's constant interest in the importance of increased population, the demography of a new society. *Poor Richard's Politicks*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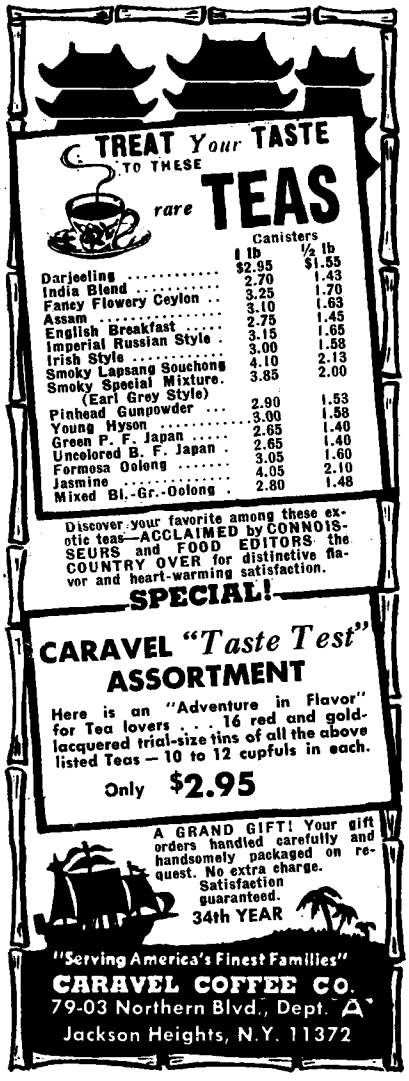
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is about politics only in the large sense of the word. It presents assumptions concerning the nature of man and society which makes politics, or any mode of action, possible at all. It becomes, finally, no less than a study of the implicit values of the culture of the eighteenth-century world.

Conner accepts the eighteenth-century aesthetic ideal of discovering regularity beneath seeming irregularity, and his goal is to make manifest the latent order in Franklin's mind as he busily pursued his manifold activities. The pattern Conner discovers is simply stated: the new American order Franklin labored to create assumed a virtuous citizenry, acting from benevolent impulses and living a life of productive work in roughly equal social circumstances. Yet it was to be an "evolving" order, that is, growing in numbers and expanding in space. Finally, despite the dynamics of growth, the ultimate goal was a "harmonious" order, committed to peaceful change and the arts of conciliation (of which Franklin, in his adopted role as "humble enquirer," is his own best example).

From where we stand, certain problems appear. The ethic of hard work had dynamite in it for a social structure built upon a foundation of rough equality and moderate circumstances. Some would rise in the world from being runaway apprentices to dine with kings. Some would become considerably more equal than others. Or, put in a more general way, a dynamic expanding society committed to economic growth and national power proved incompatible with an agrarian empire of self-sufficient farmers and small craftsmen. Yet Franklin could celebrate American freedom from British mercantile imperialism because "our own manufactures would thrive" and immediately go on to say, "and for anything I see, [Americans] may soon be as happy as the ancient shepherds of Arcadia."

We can see, if Franklin could not, that an industrial economy and the growth of national power meant the death of a society of competent, hard-working folk living socially virtuous lives in an Arcadian setting. But to say that we can see what Franklin could not provides a clue to why Franklin was able to contain within himself what may seem to us today simple contradictions. If he was a crude utilitarian, a man on the make, he was at the same time a benevolent citizen because he was a citizen in a society that was itself on the make. To make himself, Franklin also had to make a world. Militia and fire companies had to be organized; libraries and hospitals had to be built; streets had to be swept, lights kept clean, houses warmed. The elementary institutions of society had to be created, and leather-aproned printers and mechanics went about making them and made a success of themselves at the same time.

But the great virtue of Conner's book is that he reminds us that in order to act in such a simple and utilitarian style, such men also needed some vision of the good society they were laboring to bring into being. He enables us to see the new American order, the ideal of a happy secular society, that Franklin had in view. If today something of an archaic, pastoral air hangs about the hopes Franklin had for America, it may be because we have largely followed only one side of Franklin's many-sided career and have since rarely stopped to ask ourselves what success, individual or national, is supposed to mean.

# Tino's Day Of Reckoning

**HERBERT ROBINSON**

THE GREAT SALAD OIL SWINDLE, by Norman C. Miller. *Coward-McCann. $4.95.*

Anthony De Angelis—"Tino" to his friends, his enemies, and his customers—made suckers out of some of the most sophisticated banks in this country and abroad, leading brokerage houses and commodity dealers, and, above all, the American Express Company and its field subsidiary, American Express Field Warehousing Corporation. The collapse of his Allied Crude Vegetable Oil Refining Corporation, resulting in a quarter-billion-dollar loss, can only be com-



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pared with the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, the McKesson-Robbins swindle of the 1930's, and the exploits of Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish match king.

Norman C. Miller, who won the Pulitzer Prize for his articles on the salad-oil swindle in the *Wall Street Journal*, has written a fascinating guide through the maze of De Angelis's tangled financial manipulations. As he acknowledges, the whole truth, including the whereabouts of tens of millions of dollars, is not and probably never will be known. But he makes it clear that anyone troubling to inquire into Tino's background had to blind himself to avoid seeing the flashing red warning signals. Unfortunately, the author's excellence in journalism is not reflected in the book, which appears to be essentially a partially updated rewrite job. Miller's simplistic attribution of "greed" as the impelling motive force for Tino and his victims is not an

adequate explanation of De Angelis's machinations. Greed alone, and it undoubtedly played a role, would have dictated Tino's avoidance of commodity-market ventures that predictably would and did lose all those millions. Some greater force carried him on to headlong ruin.

De Angelis's entire business history, as revealed by Miller's reportage and other facts not discussed in the book, suggests an overwhelming urge toward self-defeat. Everything he touched ultimately collapsed because of his sharp dealing. Some inner force appears to have driven him to chase recklessly after the fast buck despite the reasonable certainty of success in taking a slow but steady road toward the accumulation of wealth. All of his dealings were attended by business skulduggery, whether they were with other businessmen, the United States government, or foreign countries.

In a case that I studied long before the salad-oil exposé, the Republic of Italy sued De Angelis, his wife, and others, charging fraudulent misrepresentations in 1950 in connection with its purchase of tallow; shortly afterwards, he was involved in a fraudulent bankruptcy of an established meat provisioner, the Adolph Gobel Company. Miller's relation of many similar instances of fraudulent dealings establishes Tino's corrupt brilliance. Yet, despite his extensive history of troubles with the law, he readily deceived leading American, British, and other banks, hoodwinked the American Express Company and its warehousing subsidiary, and passed more than $100 million of real and forged warehouse receipts covering largely nonexistent vegetable oils on stockbrokerage firms, grain exporters, and field warehousing companies. They ignored warnings furnished by Census Bureau and Commodity Exchange Authority records, inspections disclosing questionable practices, and even a mysterious caller who pinpointed for the American Express Company the fraud being perpetrated on it and continued to issue his warnings after De Angelis managed to deceive its warehousing subsidiary. The subsidiary's insensitivity to danger continued in the face of reports of De Angelis's unsavory background by American Express investigators. As Miller notes, "It seems incredible that [these] warnings could have been ignored by top officials of American Express. The possibility of large, embarrassing losses seemed evident." So it is not surprising that the American Express Company, under risk of being legally responsible as the parent corporation, has proposed settlement payments that may run as high as $90 million against claims of $135 million by those fleeced by De Angelis.

As a result of Tino's fraud, the established stockbrokerage firm of Ira Haupt & Co. was wrecked and its general partners faced bankruptcy. The ruin also extended to the dead: although the firm's founder, Ira Haupt, died before the collapse of Allied Crude Vegetable, his estate remained a general partner in the firm and is presently tied up in litigation by the firm's creditors. Banks lost millions of dollars. A chain reaction of bankruptcies developed, including those of


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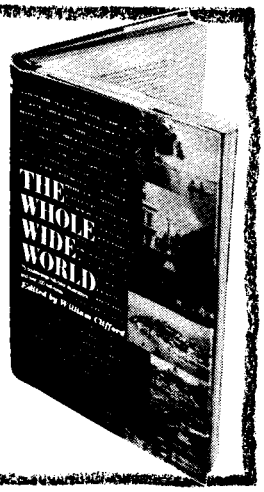


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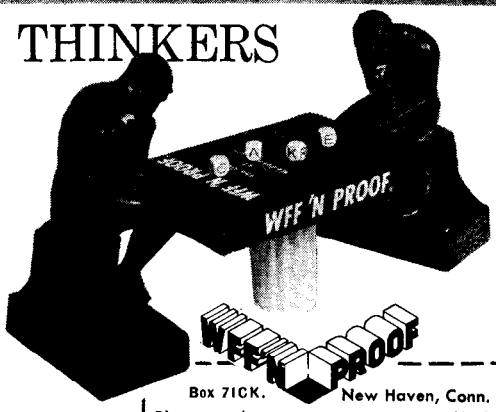


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stockbrokerage firms, warehousing companies, and commodity brokers. Speculators on the commodity exchanges must have lost tens of millions of dollars when the withdrawal of De Angelis's support of the market resulted in a sharp drop in prices. These millions that evaporated furnish a vivid illustration that ours is in truth a paper economy.

The New York Stock Exchange—simultaneously confronted on November 22, 1963, with the assassination of President Kennedy, the obviously bankrupt condition of Allied Crude Vegetable, and the imminent collapse of the important Haupt firm—acted most responsibly to stave off panic. On its own initiative and without legal obligation to do so, it quickly worked out an agreement with the American and British banks involved and with the Haupt firm and its general partners. The banks agreed to defer their claims while the exchange, at a cost of more than $10 million, protected Haupt's twenty thousand customers against all loss. Following its success in thus restoring investor confidence, the exchange established a large insurance fund for the future protection of all investors dealing with member firms.

While applauding the Stock Exchange, Miller excoriates the American Express Company—justifiably for its prior blindness, but unfairly, in my view, for its alleged delay in settling the claims of more than $100 million pressed by banks and others who lost money in the collapse of Tino's corporation. Miller has not appropriately considered the enormous sums involved, the large number of claimants, the conflicting claims among them, and the problem of distinguishing genuine warehouse receipts from forged ones, among many other issues too complex and detailed to discuss here. Nevertheless, American Express, by far the greatest sufferer from De Angelis' depredations, appears to have worked out a resolution of one of the most complicated messes in business history, acting with deliberate speed in any fair sense of that phrase.

UNFORTUNATELY, Norman Miller rushed into print. Had he restrained his eagerness, he might have judged American Express differently, since it has substantially increased



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its initial settlement offer, as he indeed prophesied. More important, he could have been in a position to round out other aspects of his story. Thus, he reports that Federal Judge Reynier Wortendyke, Jr.'s, sentence of De Angelis to a supposed ten-year jail term was accompanied by praise of De Angelis's Alger-like rise in the American free-enterprise system and his expression of faith in the honesty of Tino's intentions. Yet within three months, Judge Wortendyke, on the basis of a psychiatric report submitted to the court, imposed a definitive sentence of twenty years on De Angelis. But by then Miller's book had gone to press.

De Angelis always managed to land on his feet despite his record. And he has not given up hope. His son, Thomas, is publicly seeking contributions through an advertisement in a meat-packing industry trade journal to finance his father's appeal. Meanwhile, Tino has been declared bankrupt and his known assets are being liquidated. The Treasury Department is investigating his income-tax returns, and he still faces trial under an indictment in Hudson County, New Jersey. After the salad-oil swindle, it is unlikely that he will ever again secure trust or credit. Whatever assets he may have secreted—and it is unlikely that any will be found unless some bargain can be struck for a reduced sentence—one may question whether they are worth the decade or more he may spend in jail even with time off for good behavior.

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no doubt, the intermittent faith of every young man of normal vitality that sooner or later the world will be going his way, a biological phenomenon without which the human race would find it even harder than it does to carry on. But the other, that we were all being swept along on a tidal wave of history, was in fact the special quality of that decade, and one that Mr. Kazin recreates with striking effect.

Naturally, what he saw and sensed was a facet of the times. Even for others of us who felt the pull of the impersonal Marxist tide of history—which was something like Calvinist predestinarianism in that its inevitability seemed to call for strenuous human co-operation—there were violent differences as to vision, dogma, means, tempo, tactics, tone, and degree of permissible tolerance toward the unenlightened and the heretical. Not only were there such differences, but there were constant changes of heart, all of which gave the decade a swirling life and a many-hued character even on the Left, which was, after all, only a part of the whole. In this sense Kazin's highly personal, highly subjective, and very short book is necessarily a fragment—a book on Kazin starting out in the 1930's, not on the 1930's in which he started out.

KAZIN himself was a literary radical: "Salvation would come by the word, the long-awaited and fatefully exact word that only the true writer would speak." More particularly, he was a New York literary radical, and still more particularly a New York literary radical out of the Jewish tenements of Brownsville in Brooklyn, where stale and endless poverty combined with personal sensitivity, an Eastern European Socialist family tradition, and messianic hope to produce a radical very different from the relaxed John Chamberlains and the sophisticated Malcolm Cowleys with whom he first came in contact among Manhattan's men of leftish letters. Wistfully attracted but slightly repelled by them in spite of their helpfulness, he moved toward such working-class literary types as James Farrell, John Steinbeck, and Otis Ferguson, the eccentric and jazzy ex-sailor who assisted Cowley in criticizing the arts for the *New Republic*.

But from these he seems to have been separated by another gulf, a gravity of disposition that allowed him to feel deeply the miseries and hopes of the 1930's but not their absurdities, their excitement, and their colorful enthusiasms. Here is a man who started out in that Roosevelt-drenched decade for whom even in retrospect Roosevelt is worth no more than a sentence: "Like all my friends, I distrusted Roosevelt as a wily politician and a professional charmer." For Kazin, Father Coughlin did not exist, or the Christian Front, which for a time took over the sidewalks of New York, or Huey Long, or Dr. Townsend, or Tugwell, or the Technocrats, or indeed any of the gaudy panorama that was the United States west of Tenth Avenue, north of Columbia University, and south of Greenwich Village.

WHAT Kazin did live with—besides a gloomy household that his friend Ferguson crushingly failed to appreciate as exotic—were the grimly mounting crises abroad. On these he has much to say and he says it with deft and telling touches. There is one of those "parties for Spain" at which a literary lion is carried away by his own eloquence. Later, one can feel again the sickening jolt that even the disillusioned felt when Stalin, in Ribbentrop's presence, drank a toast to Hitler's health: "I know how much the German nation owes to its Führer." And in a sentence both poignant and brilliant Kazin captures the dazed, pathetic, and suspicious world of the exiles: "Sunday afternoons, we attended New Friends of Music concerts at Town Hall where newly arrived Viennese Jews played Schubert and Beethoven and Brahms to breathlessly respectful refugees who listened as if Town Hall were the only part of America they could trust."

Eventually, no doubt, *Starting Out in the Thirties* will be combined with Kazin's account of his earlier years, *A Walker in the City*, and, one hopes, future volumes in the same rich vein to complete an autobiography of rare insights and poetic feelings.



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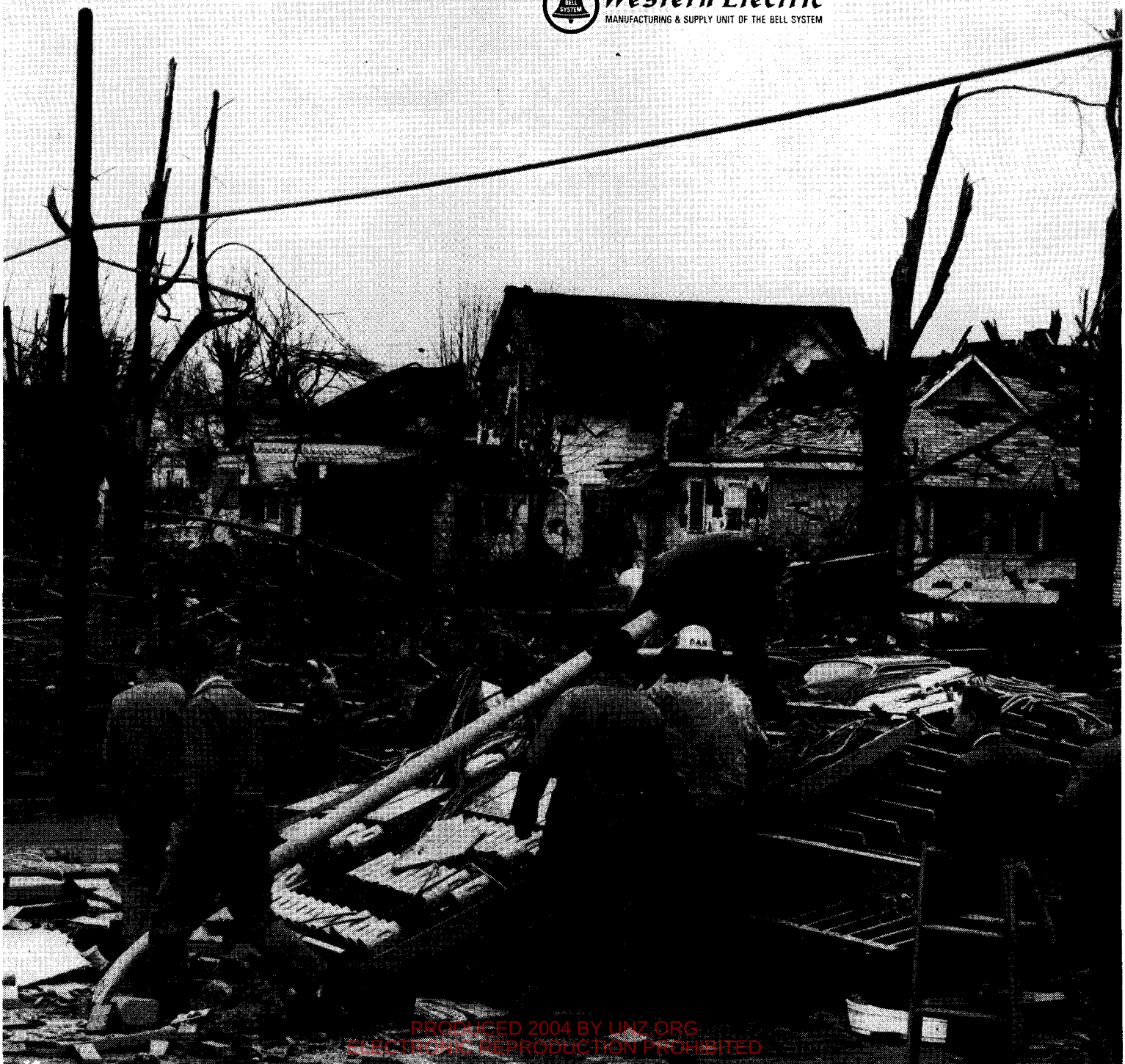

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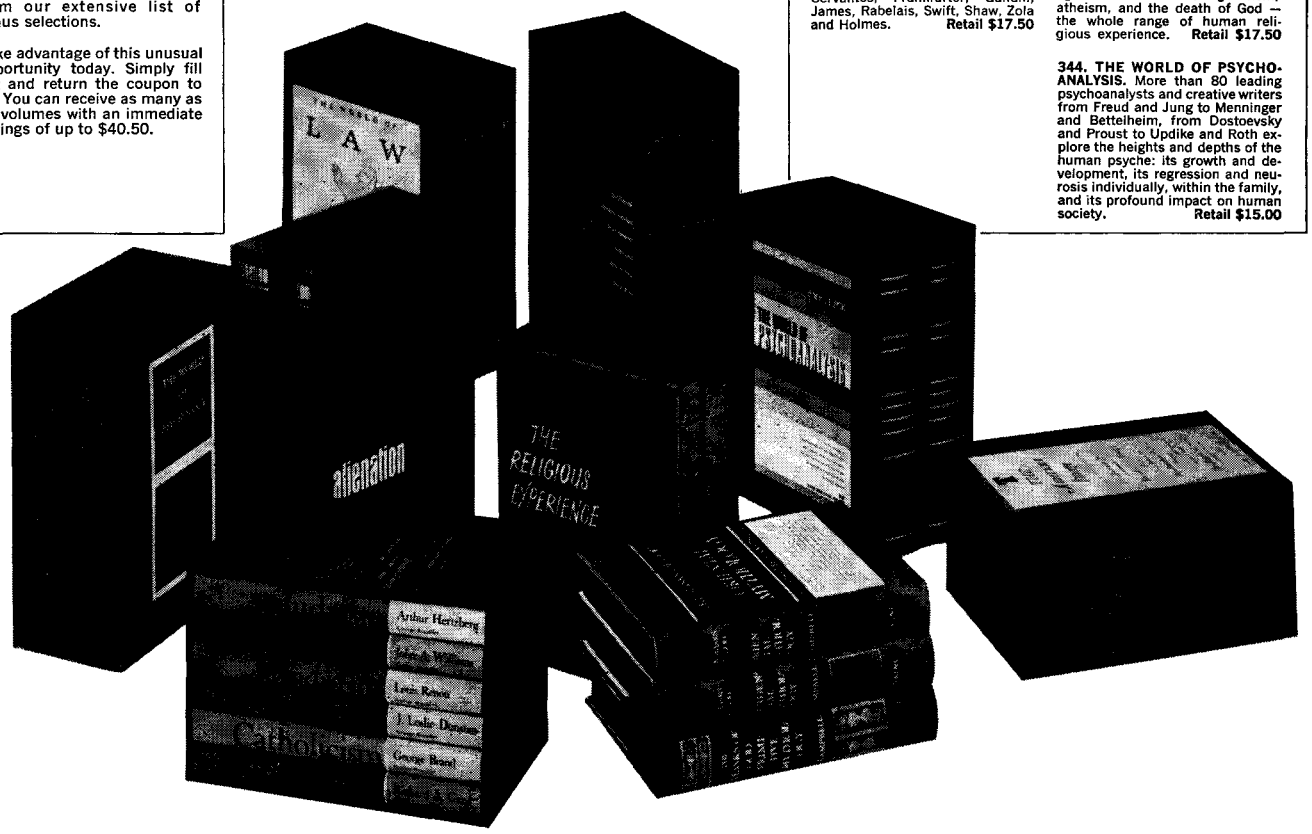


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